

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 10, 1961

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**1961
BASEBALL
ISSUE**



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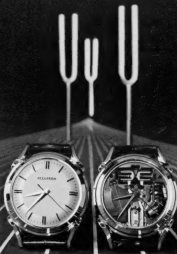


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POINT OF FACT

A baseball quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of both the casual fan and the armchair expert

1 It is the bottom of the sixth of a tie game. There is one out and Team B has runners on second and third. With first open, Team A decides to intentionally walk the next batter. Just before the first pitch, the catcher steps out of the catcher's box to give the pitcher a better target. Suddenly the umpire waves the runner on third home with the winning run. What happened?

2 A balk resulted when the catcher stepped out of the catcher's box before the pitch. The catcher must not step beyond his area until the pitch has been released.

3 1) What is a suicide squeeze play? 2) How does it differ from a safety squeeze?

4 1) A runner on third base breaks for home on the pitcher's motion. The batter must bunt at the ball whenever it is pitched, sacrificing himself, in an attempt to squeeze the run home. 2) The safety squeeze allows for an option. The batter may take the pitch if he thinks it is out of the strike zone. The runner does not start home until he sees the batter bunt the ball on the ground.

5 A batter from Team A hits out of turn and singles. After the next batter takes a pitch for a ball, the defensive team realizes the batting-order error. Does the man who batted out of turn still have a single?

6 Yes. Batting out of turn is an appeal play, and the umpire acts only when

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POINT OF FACT continued

informed by the defensive team. The appeal must be made before the first pitch to the next batter.

7 With less than two out and runners on first and second, a batter hits an infield fly. A fielder drops the ball, and a base runner is thrown out as he tries to advance. What is the call?

• It's a double play. The batter is automatically out under the infield fly rule. The runner, who may advance on an infield fly at his own risk, is also out.

7 A runner is on first base. The pitcher takes a pickoff throw, then pitches to the batter. The umpire calls a ball, but the batter swings and gets a base hit. Does he have to go back to the plate and try again?

• No. This is a legal play. If the batter reaches first base safely, this negates the ball call.

7 A hitter stands ready in the batter's box. The pitcher throws a strike, but the catcher's return throw and rapidly throws another pitch. Is this legal?

• No. This is an umpire's judgment play. If he feels the batter was not ready, he will rule a quick pitch, and the ball is declared dead. (This is sometimes a device used by experienced pitchers when facing younger batters.)

7 A pitcher is attempting to walk a batter intentionally. 1) The batter steps out of the batter's box and throws a double. Is he credited with a hit? 2) The batter swings at a ball that has bounced in front of the plate and hits it for a single. Is he credited with a hit?

• 1) No. If the batter hits the ball while out of the batter's box, he would be declared out. 2) Yes. Any pitch a batter can reach, as long as he does not leave the box, can be hit for a fair ball.

7 An outfielder moves against the fence in fair territory for a long fly ball. He leaps, the ball bounces off his glove and falls into the stands in foul territory. Is this a home run?

• No. It is a ground-rule double. If the ball had fallen into the stands in fair territory, however, it would have been a home run.

Continued

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POINT OF FACT continued

7 With runners on first and third, a batted ball strikes the base runner going into second base. Does the run score?

• No. A runner hit by a batted ball is automatically out, and the batter is credited with a single. No other runners can advance.

7 With a runner on first, a pop foul is hit to the left of the plate in foul territory. The third baseman makes the catch, stumbles into the dugout and falls down. But he recovers in time to get the ball to second base ahead of the runner trying to advance after the catch. Is the base runner out?

• No, he is safe. In this case the ball became dead when the fielder fell out of the field of play (i.e., the dugout). The runner is allowed to advance one base but no farther.

7 A batter hits a drive to deep centerfield. In running the bases, he fails to touch first. As he crosses third he realizes his mistake, cuts back in front of second and gets to first before the relay from the outfield. The first baseman then tags him with the ball. Is the runner safe or out?

• He is out if the umpire was notified by the team in the field (appeal play). To properly rectify his mistake, the runner should have touched the bases in reverse order.

7 The batter swings at the ball and tops it in front of home plate. As he runs toward first, he drops his bat and the ball rolls against it. The catcher's throw is first to bat in time. Would this be ruled a dead ball or a live ball?

• It would depend on the umpire's judgment. If the umpire felt that the batter did not intentionally throw his bat in the way of the ball, he would be credited with a base hit. If, however, the umpire felt that the batter intentionally interfered with the ball, he is out.

7 What is the maximum number of balls and strikes a batter may have in one effort at bat?

• Eleven. This would happen if he ran the count to three and two and then the third out was made (i.e., an attempted steal or pickoff) before he finished his time at bat. He would then lead off the following inning, and could receive another count of three and two again before either walking or striking out.

—M. ALLEN, H. WEISSOFF

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Next week

The *Money* magazine is a new addition to this week. It will also track the stars of Arnold Palmer's Grand Slam year. From America, a report by Alfred Wright.

The dominant manager in baseball was a Tim Lincecum of the Orioles, praised for his genius, criticized for his ruthlessness. Roy Terrell tells this volatile man's story.

Though many have called them the Golden Girls, let's look at the great looking girls: Frances Bay, Thomas B. Allen, and the magic and beauty of the Golden Girls.



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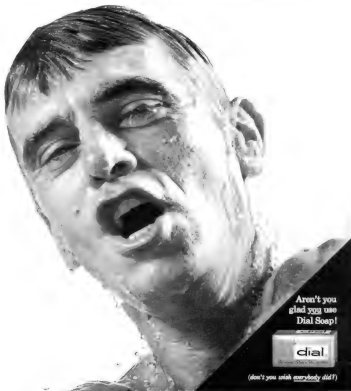
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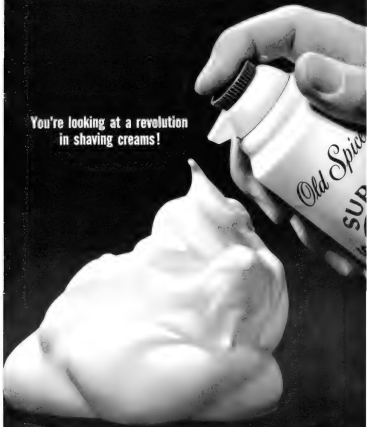
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The current depressing basketball scandals have produced muted apologies who seem to be drawing a moral distinction between the two activities. After all, the argument runs (scutilla would be a better verb), as long as you are going to lose, does the margin of defeat really make any difference?

We can think of so many harsh things to say about this unreporting nonsense that we think we'll just dare ourselves up to our full height and leave these unsaid.

'MOPIE' GO HOME?

There is only one boat race these days where the first boat home wins. That is the Miami-Nassau Powerboat Race, a delight in an age when there are more classes, restrictions and rules than there is fun in boating. Last year's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* report on the race aroused so much enthusiasm

that Dick Bertram's winner, *Moppie*, was hardly dry before Bertram was showered with money from people wanting "*Moppie* copies." (Bertram promptly went into business.) As a result, this year's race, departing Miami April 12, has over 30 non-Bertram boats out to make a name by thrashing *Moppie* and her copies.

In spite of *Moppie*'s superior design, there is a gawky-looking long shot that might do it. It's the *RX-1* (see below) designed by Phil Bolger of Gloucester, Mass., who says, "My fault is I like radical designs." *RX-1* is a real queer one, a marriage of a flat wide stern to a knife bow, with a winglike flare to keep the bow from sinking too far. Bolger, who has designed the well-known *Oat O'Gloucester* 20, says his new boat will plane on the flat stern like a modern high-speed hull and cut through the waves like an old runner. *RX-1*, built by Oat O'Gloucester, and one similar hull, being built for R. P. Pearson, were both designed by Bolger to win this particular race. He is confident.

"Half of the Miami-Nassau is whether the crew and hull can take it. And I have sat on the *RX-1* when she was cutting through a chop, going like blazes. I won't say I couldn't have used a pillow, but it didn't

drive my spine through my brain, either. In really rough water my design may have to slow down to five knots, but *Moppie* will have gone home."

Whether *Moppie* or *RX-1* goes home, we hope this kind of dramatic, uncomplicated racing will thrive and that out of it will continue to come new and better boating designs.

THE TAIN'T

Golden disagrees violently over the respective merits of the small British ball (1.62 inches in diameter) and the large American ball (1.68). British golfers are allowed to play either size. American duffers, officially restricted by the USGA to the American ball, will occasionally try to sneak the British one onto the course in the hope that it will improve their scores. "I'll play the small ball every chance I get," is the notion of many American professionals who play it in tournaments outside the U.S. "It's harder to hook or slice, it stays straight in the wind, and it flies miles farther."

"Nuts to the small ball," announces a member of the opposing school. "It doesn't sit up high enough on the fairway, it won't bite on the greens, and I'd just as soon try to putt with a marble."

Heretofore there has been agreement on only one point: that the little ball will go some 15 or 20 yards farther on a drive because it develops less air resistance in flight. But this seems an exaggerated estimate, according to tests recently made with a driving machine by the Dunlop Sports Company Ltd. of Great Britain. On a hard drive the machine sent the little ball 233 yards, the big one 257. Into a contrary wind the little ball went 239 yards, the big one 230. With the machine geared down to a good amateur range—that is, say, a 4-handicap player) the British ball outcarried the American 210 yards to 209. Into a strong opposing wind (the ultimate test) the small ball carried 215, the big one 210.

These tests, of course, were made under ideal conditions with a squarely hit shot guaranteed every time by the machine. Since the British ball is smaller, the real-life golfer has a hard time hitting it as squarely as the American ball. The small edge in distance might therefore disappear completely.

"Yes, but he'll hit the little ball

—continued



FAST, UNTRIED RACER *RX-1* (in dark lines) in April 12 Miami-Nassau Powerboat Race, a rough-water proving run for seven hulls. *RX-1* has sharp bow to cut waves (dashed lines). Two wooden clips, shown as the hull, help keep water (smooth lines) down.



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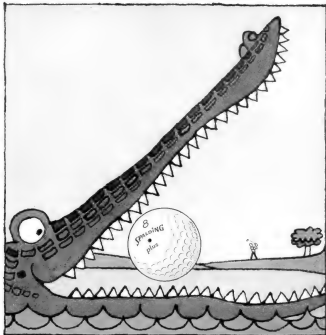
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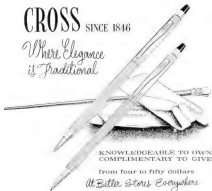
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SCORECARD

straighter, because it resists free to spin and air resistance," says one, "and get the distance right, look again."

"But then we'll get to the green and three-putt it," claims another.

There are two things, however, that the little British ballplayer can't do: make a Hogan out of a bunker, or a bunker out of a Hogan.

DALLY ON THE SPOT

Joel Cruz Sabamendi is a heavy-chested, handsome 37-year-old bachelor who is both player and matchmaker at Miami's famous Barchinai Club. Sabamendi is known to Dania's oldest and most quiet patrons, not Sab and to the newer and noisier fans as Sully Baby. Recently Sabamendi showed up in New York to help promote New York City Match, of which he is the secretary.

"We hope to open our row, by \$750,000 possible in July," said Sabamendi in hesitant but expressive English. "Yes, yes, there will be no betting, at least not at the start. We hope to have 800 performances a year. In the afternoon we hope to get the women and children; in the evening we hope to get the men. Our row will seat 2,000 people, and there will be room in our parking lot for 500 cars. Our average price will be about a dollar a person, and we can make money with that. In April the Florida season ends, and I will pick up players from Tampa and Miami and get them to come to New York. I will have about 140 to harbor with and will get about 40, but I will have to harbor hard with them because they draw between \$600 and \$2,000 a month. (The world's finest draw about \$1,000 a month.) They know, however, that after April there are not too many troubles available for them to play in and draw good money from. We are going to get upstart courts and teach college students and youngsters to play. We hope to learn an American car also team which will play in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics."

Whether the beautiful and fast spot of play also can actually be successful in New York is a large question. And, Sully Baby, without the stimulant of pari-mutuel betting, it is a question that may get a very quick answer.

Continued

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*Captain Gordon Wood, senior Pan Am pilot:
weather-check in Istanbul...then*

AT HOME WITH ARNEL



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A MAN WHO...

When will Senator Edou Kefauver's proposal for a national boxing commission become law? The Administration will come up against the tricky proposition of picking the right man to oust the racketeers.

It is tricky because there are just the commercial salutes of prizefighting before its integrity already has been making suggestions. The names of Alvin Tarnay, Jack Dempsey and Rocky Marciano have been proposed, and quite seriously. More plausible nominations undoubtedly will be made as time goes by, but most of these nominees will have the single qualification that they *won't*, *won't* would do anything to hurt a promoter's gate.

Well, we have some nominees of our own. First choice is John G. Berman, the tough and dedicated young lawyer who brilliantly directed the Kefauver subcommittee's investigation of the sport, and successfully secured District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York in a like capacity. And our second choice is yet another tough and dedicated young lawyer—Dave Tuck, executive officer of the California commission, who since he took over the job, has done so much to revive confidence in prizefighting in that state where it was on the verge of being banned. There are others—Harry Falk of the California commission also comes to mind—who have proved themselves in the fight for clean boxing.

Just let's have to start talk about making the national commission a public relations post for economy weights or a haven for needy politicians.

TROUBLE IN THE NEW COBRAL

Trainer Hersh Jacobs, the only American trainer ever to saddle 3,000 winners, last week found himself in the middle of a surprising investigation. One of Jacobs' horses, Keep Ideals, had won a named New York Aqueduct race track on March 24, and after the race a saliva test on the fifth pricked positive. . . . Keep Ideals had been stamulated.

The New York State Racing Commission and Aqueduct's stewards found, after examining their files, that Jacobs was not responsible for the doping of Keep Ideals. Although

the investigation still continues, one thing seems to have come clearly out of the investigation. Kefauver's Aqueduct, the \$11 million "dream track," was constructed trainers have been saying that too much money had been spent on keeping the public happy, and not enough on planning and building the stable area. Trainers and the fans were too small, that there weren't enough of them and that this created a cramped area and one very difficult to police.

By not holding Jacobs responsible, and for years it has been the rule that a trainer is responsible for the racing condition of his horses, officials seemed to be saying that "anyone" could dope a horse at Aqueduct. Perhaps anyone could—and can. There already is a strong rumor that another doping scandal is about to break in racing—and at Aqueduct. The New York Racing Association had just put some more Pinkertons into the under-protected Aqueduct stable area even though they are expensive—\$18.50 per day per man. The track may thus lose its stable there before another race is held.

INSIDE TRACK

• Because of his high income tax bracket, Floyd Patterson will not fight either British and British Empire Champion Henry Cooper or top rated Sonny Liston this year. He may meet two "ranked" heavyweights between now and December, neither of whom will hurt him physically or fatally.

• A thorough investigation by Dr. Leonard P. Schultz of the American Institute of Biological Sciences indicates that sharks are less likely to attack swimmers in light-colored swimwear than in dark ones. Schultz says the contrast of dark suit on white skin attracts sharks.

• The proposed new municipal stadium for the Houston National League baseball club will not be completed for the 1962 opener. The Houston team will play its games in Busch Stadium, which in past years housed minor league clubs; the capacity is being increased from 17,000 to 22,000.

• Madison Square Garden, concerned about basketball wounds and having trouble booking teams for next year, will try to entice owners with an eight-ton backstop for boxing. Already invited are St. Lawrence, Clarkson, Army and Boston College.



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JOHNNY WINS THE MUDDY DERBY

In the goo at Gulfstream Park young Johnny Sellers rode Carry Back to a close and courageous victory in the Florida Derby and made him a clear favorite for next month's classic in Kentucky

by WHITNEY TOWER

It is customary on Florida Derby Day at Gulfstream Park to surround this major steppingstone to the Kentucky Derby with all kinds of eye-catching hoopla. Last Saturday there were bands of three types—Dixieland, marching and Scottish bagpipers—water-skiing and sailing on the infield lake and enough of a rum concoction called a Derby daiquiri to float the nearby Diplomat Hotel.

When the 26,625 customers had endured all this added foldover it remained for a wonderful brown colt with the now-familiar name of Carry Back to make the biggest splash of all. As the slim favorite in the field of eight 3-year-olds primed for this mile-and-an-eighth southern classic, Carry Back swooshed through a sloppy surface more suited to the Eton wall game than to horse racing, made up 12½ lengths and won over hard-buck Crozier by merely a head. Carry Back's victory makes him the clearest Kentucky Derby favorite, despite the strenuous program mapped out for him between now and his date at Churchill Downs on May 6.

The Florida Derby field did not include the West Coast contenders Four-and-Twenty, Flutterby, Songman and Pappa's All and some New York-based Kentucky prospects, but it had all the rest who were fit to run. It also had nearly all the top jockeys: Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker, Bill Hartack, Mike Valenzuela and the newest sensation, 23-year-old John

Sellers. Sellers, who has the innocent smile of a boy accepting his prize as the most improved singer in the choir, is in fact about to get a similar award. He is a night student at Hollywood's South Broward High School, and needs only one more credit in English literature to qualify for his diploma. In the meantime he qualifies, along with a character known as the Fabulous Fabian (no horseman), as one of the two richest high school students in the U.S.

Much of Sellers' wealth comes, of course, from his superb handling of Carry Back, who in winning \$75,000 in the Florida Derby has now earned the staggering total of \$475,118 even before competing in any of the rich Triple-Crown classics. Actually, Sellers might have picked up an additional grubstake 10 days before the Florida Derby except for the benevolence of Carry Back's owner, short, plump and happy Jack Price. Carry Back finished third in the March 22nd Fountain of Youth Stakes (beaten three lengths by Calumet's Beau Prince and Fred Hooper's Crozier). But Price refused to put the blame on his horse or jockey. "Carry Back was a little short for the race," he said, "and it was all my fault. I wanted to work the colt on the Sunday before the race, but I changed my mind simply because I didn't think it was fair to ask Sellers to get out of bed too early on a Sunday morning."

There was nothing short about Carry Back in the Florida Derby, ex-

cept his winning payoff of \$5.20. On paper the race stacked up as a three-way battle among Carry Back, Crozier and Beau Prince—with an outside chance going to Garvol and Ronnie's Ace. But a five-hour down-pour hit the Miami area in the pre-dawn of Derby Day, turning the track into goo and throwing all tactics open to wide speculation. With mud being kicked up from the leaders, for instance, no contender could take the chance of getting too far out of it for the first part of the race. A front runner like Crozier could skip away in the slip and be long gone before any serious chase began. But Crozier's owner, who had watched his game colt run second to Carry Back in the Flamingo (and also had seen him beaten a total of only one length in losing his last four starts) had some new ideas of his own. Fred Hooper said, "We really think Crozier would run better coming from behind, and today is the day to try it out."

In the other camps there was not too much concern about the track. Beau Prince (as is the custom with most sons of Bull Lea) had never been bothered by off going. "I'll probably mind the mud, but this colt won't," said Arcaro. As for Carry Back—"He'll run on anything," said Jack Price. "Who are we frightened of? Nobody."

At the start it seemed almost strange not to see Crozier go right to the front. This pace-setting role was played in partnership between the outsiders, Oak Dandy at 12½ to 1 and Intensive at 50 to 1. They splashed around the clubhouse turn as though they were trying to outdo the water-skiers. Hartack had Crozier buying perfectly in third place; bringing up the rear were Beau Prince, Carry



GRINNING SELLERS AND CRINKLY EYED GO-OWNER MRS. JACK PRICE CELEBRATE CARRY BACK'S WINNING \$75,000 PURSE

Back and finally turned, whose sudden rearing at the start cost him at least five lengths.

"Carry Back was a little slow to take the bit," Sellers said later, "but he got to running smoothly on the backstretch. I knew I was way out of it then, but that's the way I wanted it. I was looking at Arana ahead of me, and the plan was to move about when in order." Leaving the half-mile pole Arana got into Beau Prince, and away they went. But Sellers put Carry Back in the fight at the same time, and the pair of them set sail around the far turn as pursuit of Hartack, who was now just about to take the lead from Oak Derby and Intensive. As they turned for home, Crozier was in front, on the rail, and Beau Prince was knifing to the inside just behind him. Carry Back was charging up on the outside. It was a dramatic spectacle, and the stands sent up a powerful

roar at the prospect of just the fight all had paid to see.

For an instant it appeared that Hartack and Crozier had the battle won. They were two lengths in front down the straightaway. Suddenly two things happened: Beau Prince gave up near the eighth pole, and Crozier (who has always had difficulty telling a straight line from a convy course) ducked out, sharply, about 10 feet. Crozier never was the same running machine again.

Sellers and Carry Back came to the wire together with Crozier. Carry Back's neck stretched forward like a man guffing spaghetti, while Hartack struggled to get Crozier back to work. Three jumps before the finish Carry Back stuck his head in front and kept it there. Beau Prince was just over three lengths behind.

With this victory Carry Back has earned the early Kentucky Derby favoritism that once went to such

other Florida Derby winners as Carrelton, Nishum, Needles, Tim Tam, Gen. Duke and Rally Aces. Some observers believe this race is the excellent off-track time of 1:18 is bound to take something out of a colt who has run and six tough trips this season and had 21 races last year. But Owner Price will not, apparently, let up on him. Despite a left tendon that may be somewhat sore, Carry Back is scheduled to go to Ascot for the April 22 Wood Memorial before being shipped to Kentucky.

But Jack Price's honest stance about his intentions, and about himself, "I'm not a 20th century empire builder like Mr. Louis Wolfson or Mr. John Galbreath," he says. "My ancestors weren't 18th or 19th century empire builders, and my grandmother doesn't sell cosmetics. We just want to make some money with this horse."

END

HOT, MOTORIZED WAR FOR U.S.

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Special Advertising Section

Beneath a soft-focus picture of a Volkswagen in a meeting room at the New York Coliseum last week was a typically Volkwag inscription: "First Beetle of Spring."

Outside in the show arena, glossy 155-mile-an-hour Jaguar XK-E sports cars, the hits of the fifth—and largest ever—International Automobile Show, had small windshield stickers bearing in minute but snug print the word: SOLD.

But for all the confidence shown in these cars, they were isolated islands in an industry awash with uncertainty. Imported car sales had dipped from 10% of the rich American market in 1969 to 7½ last year. Dampened by gross overproduction overseas and the new, hugely popular U.S. compact cars, which now account for some 30% of the domestic output, the foreign car boom had not only reached a peak but gone into re-



MOST EXCITING CAR — New York show's most popular XK-E. Grand touring sports car built, brought in, British-made and exported to U.S. automakers' gap in the luxury and sports car fields. Bred from Jaguar racing cars, the E-type has a remarkable top speed of 150 mph, fast, streamlined coachwork and over 200 hp, and, not the price of a comparable road coupe, a cool interior and weather-tight, no-rust, forward-thrusting 100-mph 20-mile

DOLLARS

The public seemed the one sure winner last week as a new wave of American compacts clashed with a wide variety of imported cars at New York's biggest International Automobile Show

vern. Said one British auto executive, between medicinal draughts of a pale, dependable British ale, "We knew it was going to happen some time, but we didn't know it was going to be so bloody sudden."

Said another: "After the January and February sales reports I was ready to open the closet door and hang up the noose." But, he added, the first 18 days of March had brought his company U.S. sales great-

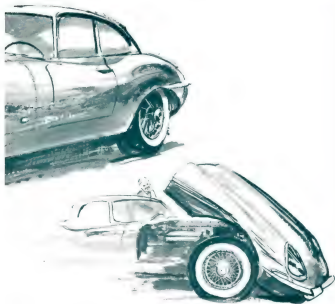
er than the total for the year's first two months. Spring, nature's season for opening buds and car buyers' pocketbooks, was thankfully here after a hard winter in which domestic and foreign car dealers alike had been forced to live off the fat accumulated in previous good years.

Despite the signs of an upturn, however, foreign car men were hardly bouncy. Cautious hope was the prevailing mood. They would surely

never again take 10% of U.S. sales but, after all, 1960 had been the second-best year yet for the importers. In all, they had sold 498,785 vehicles for the year, and this meant rich returns in foreign currencies. Even if the 1961 total drops to 400,000, as many have predicted, it will still be a relatively good year.

What really worries the players in this global dice game is where the foreign share of the U.S. market will

continued





DAKOTA ROADSTER. 160-hp, four-cyl., has 130-hp engine, body, wheel, 20 mph.

AUTO WAR

stabilize—it that word can be applied to so many a field. Last year's production cutbacks, price cuts and cutbacks on U.S.-bound shipments by the hardest-hit firms will not have to be duplicated if they set more realistic goals. But what is realistic?

A longtime Detroit observer, *Automotive News* Associate Editor Robert Lienesch, sees no prospect of a big foreign car rally. He says America's recent upsurge on imports was in a fad market. "People wanted smaller cars," he says, "and the American-made compacts of the day weren't the type they wanted to buy. The Volkswagens triggered the fad market, but VW couldn't produce enough cars to fill it. People didn't want to wait. They went out and bought other makes, creating a false impression in foreign factories that the American market was bursting with enthusiasm for any imported car. Then Volkswagens halted production and got a lot of the business it otherwise would have lost."

Obviously the tag "imported" no longer means quick, easy sales. Apart from the compacts' counter-thrust and the importers' misreading of U.S. trends, there appears to be a substantial buy-American swing, stimulated by this country's balance-of-payments troubles and some union action. Importers are generally agreed that they now must stress:

1) The superluxe cars, sports cars and ultrasmall, ultracomfortable family cars that have no American equivalent now and are not likely to have soon.

2) The individuality of small cars that compete with the compacts in size and price.

3) Improved dealer and service organizations.

All this indicates that the American buying and browsing public has never had it so good. Not since the prewar years, as the show amply illustrates, have there been so many cars to choose from, nor has the business climate been so conducive to hard bargaining on the public's part.

To Saturday's opening came a record 47,000 persons who saw 460 models of 89 makes of cars from the U.S., Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Israel, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands and Sweden. Russia's sturdy but plain Moskvitch and Volga sedans, shown last year, were absent.

Prices ranged from \$889 for a tiny, blocky, 50 mph (but 60-miles-per-gallon) American car called a King Midget, which was having its world premiere, to \$28,325 for a seven-place Rolls-Royce Phantom, which has been seen before but wears well.

Broadly represented at the show for the first time, Detroit put its fast-

multiplying compacts squarely in among the foreign cars with which they have competed so harshly. Detroit may build only one true sports car (the Corvette), but it is obviously lading plenty of sports car srap as well as interior plush into its newest compacts. Following the lead of the doleful-up Chevrolets, Mopars are new models like the Pontiac Le Mans, Ford Futura, Buick Skylark, Corvet X-22 and Olds Cutlass. The Pontiac, for example, has sporty wire wheels, bucketed leather-up seats, bucket seats. "If you don't have buckets," says Lienesch, "you're not a player."

Amid the show's gloss and glitter, though, no car had more appeal than the Jaguar XK-E, which was being shown in the U.S. for the first time. From the tip of its aerogically long, elegantly rounded hood to the taper of its tail, the XK-E is plainly a



sports car thoroughbred. British newsmen have been flinging purple nosegays at it for a couple of weeks now, and it may even be as extraordinary as they claim.

The car's galvanic quality is due partly to its aerodynamic good looks, partly to its reputedly superb road-holding and genuine top speed of something near 150 mph (those lead-footed British newsmen have been having a high old time proving it) and partly to its price of approximately \$8,900. That is half the cost of a comparable European Grand Touring sports car and only a few hundred dollars more than current Jaguar XK-150 sports coupes. Moreover, the E-type is the first mass-produced Jaguar of any consequence to discard the hideous if stylish 1940s English styling associated with the Coventry firm. It is a jet-age car. Its so-called monocoque structure is a laser-welded, stressed steel shell with front sub-frame to carry engine and front suspension; is resilient and derived from the D-type Jaguars, the purely racing models that three times won



KNOCK-OFF RUBS one wire wheels are rising from luxury compact by Pontiac.

the famed 24-hour run at Le Mans.

The K-type comes in two models, a rough whose roof slopes in a "fast-back" line to the rear humpers and a roadster with a convertible soft top and detachable hardtop. Both models have the Le Mans-proved six-cylinder XK engine which, with 3.8 liters piston displacement and three carburetors, produces 265 brake horsepower at 5,500 rpm. Suspension is independent front and rear. Brakes are the disc type that now predominates in road racing. The rear brakes are in-board to reduce unsprung weight, that old bugaboo of high-performance cars, and there is a dual-control system so that if either front or back brakes fail the other set will operate.

At the show the Jaguar people have stationed a long-legged, pneumatic bruisette alongside one of the E-types on a revolving turntable. She's nice,

FUTURISTIC FORD in the show's streamer car, has two wheels and looks like rocket.



but superfluous. So many orders are coming in, some accompanied by \$1,800 deposits, that the American demand can't possibly be met for months. The U.S. will get 60% to 70% of the cars, but the production goal is only 100 a week and that isn't expected to be reached until August.

The Jaguar, then, is a perfect example of the kind of hit/miss-whore-they-ain't car with which foreign producers hope to combat Detroit. Another solid show car, new this year, is the \$8,700 Mercedes 220SE from Germany. Its hardtop styling is clearly aimed at satisfying U.S. taste. Its particular turbo-injection engine and swing axle are just as clearly not to be found in domestic cars.

Another exotic entry, having its world premiere, is a 50-mph, \$1,090 sports car from Israel called the Sabra. The word sabra denotes a thorny-on-the-outside, sweet-on-the-inside cactus, and that is what the Israelis hope their very first car will be. The body is made of plastic (as is the American Corvette's) and the engine is the British Ford Consul's. From

France comes the new Peugeot 405, unorthodox and homopersonal, styled by the Italian master Pinin Farina (SL, March 27) for one of the few



GERMAN HARDTOP, from Mercedes-220SE, costs \$8,700, has turbo-injection engine.

makes to hold its own here in 1965. As Director Roland Peugeot explained in a Coliseum room aerial with Gauloise cigarette smoke, the more powerful, more luxurious 404 will be sold side by side with its forerunner, the 405. Peugeot will build 500 models of each car daily. This is not exactly Detroit's idea of dynamic overkill, but evidently it works. Lighting up an American filter-tip, M. Peugeot said the factory expects to sell every one without difficulty.

Also new to the show and the U.S. were two European cars with American-style quad headlights. Britain's Harrier Super Salvo (\$3,995) and Italy's Lancia Flavia (\$3,685); the pro-

posed car with futuristic coachwork (supposedly to be substituted by a gyroscope not for sale); and a Kart designed by Brooks Stevens along

lines that seem to have come straight from a toboggan.

But as the show crowds ogled the new and different, the Volkswagen offered clear evidence that if you build the same old beetle the world will beat a path to your door. The first beetle of spring looked exactly like last year's and the previous year's (although, as usual, minor improvements had been made inside), and the only thing worrying VW men in the U.S. was the black market.

It seems that of 100,000 Volkswagen passenger cars sold in America in 1960, some 30% were brought in by unauthorized parties who worked through apparently legitimate order-



AMERICAN KART, a 100-mph model by Brooks Stevens, is toboggan-shaped.

duction model of Sweden's 100-mph Volvo P-1800 sports car (\$4,795), a prototype which comes with a four-year, a French Renault Dauphine with some souping up by Racing Car Designer Amedee Gordini (\$1,595); the Ford Gyron, a two-wheeled, delta-

planes in Germany. The American VW distributor expects U.S. sales to increase by 30% this year and wants the black market agents to passget their hands out of the till. Wistful male wish they had no pleasure a problem.

660

AN EVEN DOZEN IN THE YALE POOL

America's superb swimmers
set 12 new records last week,
but don't expect them to last

by ARLIE W. SCHARDT

Man has been swimming up and down measured pools for more than 60 years, yet last weekend it came as a shock to several hundred of America's best swimmers and their coaches to discover just how little they really know about the ultimate possibilities of the sport. For not only did these athletes break every one of the 11 National A.A.U. times records that looked so imposing—nay, invin-

ible—just one year ago, they also set new American marks in 12 of them. And when the violent assault on the shimmering green water of the Yale University pool finally was over, no one in the steeply banked galleries would bet against the chance that all 14 records might be wiped out next year.

Their expectations are understandable. After all, they had just seen Steve

Clark, a 17-year-old senior at Los Altos (Calif.) High School, surpass the 100- and 220-yard freestyle records set last year by Olympic hero Jeff Farrell. They also saw half a dozen other teen-agers dip under established records only to finish behind more experienced competitors.

Each time he stood erect on the starting blocks, Clark's round head, almost bald after getting a preme-

PERFECTLY TIMED START SENDS 17-YEAR-OLD STEVE CLARK INTO WATER AHEAD OF THE FIELD AS HE SETS OUT ON FASTEST



haircut from his coach, George Haines. "Well, he told me to cut it short," grumbled Haines, reflected the glare of a battery of TV floodlights. It was a comic sight, but the comedy ended the moment he got under way. He won both races with a daring series of flip turns in which he whisked around on his side, rather than directly over, and which he executed with such speed that he disappeared into each one like the last soap bubble down a bathtub drain.

In winning the 100, the lowly but lanky, faded Clark, defeated the last-ranked swimmer in the field. His start was perfect—he ruckled the water a foot ahead of his closest opponent, and he built that lead precisely and powerfully to win by two yards. It was

the workmanlike performance of a much older campaigner, but at 17 Clark is in fact an Olympic veteran, having been an alternate on the relay. His unusual confidence was a vital factor in his aggressive start.

In the distance races the most experienced competitor of them all, Australia's handsome, blond Murray Rose, owner of four Olympic gold medals, proved at 22 that he is still the best tactical swimmer in the sport's history. He paced the rest of the field for two-thirds of his 1,500-meter swim, then burst away with a sprint that broke his rivals' spurs. A junior at Southern California, Rose was still "a bit tired" from scoring a triple victory in the NCAA meet the week before but added the AAU 140 title Saturday night with no trouble.

Rose's USC teammate, 21-year-old Chuck Hitzels, led Southern Cal to its fourth consecutive team title by winning both backstroke events as well as the punishing 480-yard individual medley, breaking the American record each time.

Undoubtedly the most antidyfing performance at New Haven was that of a short, muscular premedical student from Indiana University, Chet Jaszenski, who missed the Olympic team last summer when the U.S. mistakenly took two, rather than the allotted three, breaststrokeers to Rome. Swimming ferociously in a stroke that normally looks gentle, Jaszenski chugged into an early lead in Friday night's 220-yard final, working quick, deep gulps of air, with his head placed far forward and out, like the bow of a tugboat plowing through a choppy river. His pace halfway through the race was so much faster than planned that his coach, Jim Counsilman, threw his hands up over his face and roared "Oh, no!" while almost everyone else in the cavernous amphitheater unconsciously awayed back and forth in rhythm with his strokes. "He's gonna die, he's gonna die," exclaimed one saucer-eyed young pessimist, who—after Jaszenski had shed a full eight seconds off the American record—edited himself down to:



CLARK'S HEAD CLITENSE IN VICTORY

"Well, well, well—he didn't die."

Next night, Jaszenski followed the same gaspstroke strategy, to become the first man ever to swim the 100-yard breaststroke in less than a minute, his time of 56.6 seconds beating a field of collegiate champions by more than the length of his 5-foot-9 body.

For all this meet's superlative performances—and they establish beyond question America's right to call itself the world's No. 1 swimming power for another year at least—the mood of the future was best exemplified by Coach George Haines after Steve Clark had swum his 100-yard freestyle in an unheard-of 46.8 seconds. Haines squarred the big silver stop watch in his palm and shouted, "I'm never gonna change this watch. We'll seal it at 46.8." But when the next event began Haines suddenly cleared the watch back to zero, stared at the starting line and said: "We're not superstitious. We'll put 45.4 on this watch."

END

100-YARD FREESTYLE IS HISTORY





AT BETTER SORTED WITH TEACHER'S LAWRENCE BEGINS TO FALL FROM STUMBLING TARDARWIST (JL: RINGDUST, JSH: TARKS NOW)

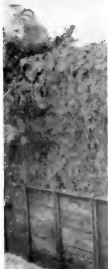
MY BITTER DAY AT AINTREE

by JOHN LAWRENCE

John Lawrence, 27, is the son of a peer (Lord Makenzie), a racing writer for the London Daily Telegraph and a leading amateur steeplechase rider. After winning his first race young years ago he wrote: "I dreamed that night of Aintree." Aintree is where the famed National, the toughest jumping race in the world, is run every March. A fortnight ago Lawrence went to Aintree to ride his favorite horse, Tardarwist, in the 120th renewal of the big race

Need to look down? Go like to the north about it. Doing too steep, from the heights of Breeze's Breeze, you know that things are going wrong. The ground slopes are only—you've failed to clear the ditch—and it comes up too fast. The prickled horse's head has landed your nose on the ground, and the nose is in your fingers like unhooked line on a running barracuda. For a moment balance lasts, but when, in half a dozen yards, 30 miles an hour is cut to 10, something must give—and this time it is you.

You crumple, defenseless, head tucked in, amid a storm of hoofs and flying bodies. And it is precious little consolation that on this soft, battered patch of turf men have been



DIVE AS WIDENESS TEA FIELD LEADS

falling every year since 1845, when Captain Berber, who fought with Wellington in Spain, took refuge in the brook that bears his name today.

Berber's is five feet high and three feet wide; the natural brook on the leading side is five feet six inches wide. Small cascades, too, tend the necks and bodies into you. They almost always will if you lie still enough. For this is the Grand National and, as you walk away unharmed—as I did—a lifetime's hopes and fears and dreams roll up and burst inside you in a bitter wave of disappointment.

To win a National is the highest ambition of any man who rides racing over fences in England or Ireland. But to win you need a horse, not just

any horse, but one that can gallop 4½ miles in less than 10 minutes and jump, at speed, 30 of the most formidable fences in the world. Three years ago I met the horse. A hard, bright bay with short legs and the stride of a stayer. Visidermist—just Taxi, to those who love him—was only 5 years old in 1958. He is owned by Fulke Walwyn, who also trains him, and Mrs. Peter Hastings, wife of another trainer. Taxi and I won two steeplechase worth \$14,980 apiece (legionary by English standards), and in '59 he started as the favorite for Cheltenham Gold Cup, a race second only in importance to the National.

An undeserved fall

All his life Taxi has hated mud, and that day at Cheltenham it rained so hard that the water jump burst its banks. Never happy, he was still on the leader's heels five fences from home, but there our foot sank deep in a treacherous boggy patch, and over we went like a Rugby three-quarter tackled hard and low. I cannot even guess where he would have finished, but this at least can be said: although Taxi was never going easily, he was in far better position than that fern which he won the Hennessy Gold Cup. For Taxi that fall—undeserved and unavoidable—was just the first chapter in a long, and tale of misfortune. Most of next season a painful liver sickness kept him off the track. Recovered from that, he wrecked a tendon and then, this winter, a telltale white appeared in his wind that could only be cured by the equine equivalent of a tracheotomy—insertion of a metal tube in a horse's throat to bypass the faulty valve that hampers his breathing and saps his stamina.

And so, you see, it was not just another horse on whose luck I set out last Saturday but an old, beloved, rather battered friend trying for a comeback in the toughest test of them all.

On a normal English racecourse, before a normal steeplechase, the jockeys' changing room is a rough, cheerful place lacking the antiseptic

luxury of its American counterpart but full of laughing insults, unprintable stories and the friendship that comes from hours shared. At Aintree, before a Grand National, it is not the same. The same colors are there, the same bustling, ever-ready valets, the same stung smell of hot bodies, saddle soap and sweat-soaked leather, but in the air there is something else besides. It makes some men laugh louder, and some sit quiet and still. It makes your fingers clumsy on the buttons of your breeches, and it makes you go to the lavatory five times in 30 minutes. It makes the muscles of your cheeks ache with the effort of keeping up an unlit smile. It makes you wish to God that it was over.

The cause is not, I think, anything so simple as the fear of getting hurt, for to a jockey the National is only very slightly more hazardous than any other race. Thus, the percentage of falls is higher, but you hit the ground no faster here than anywhere else and, for the statistically minded, there is the reassuring fact that in 122 years no man has so far died from a fall in the National.

No, for me, at least, the special tension springs rather from a different set of fears and hopes—from fear, above all, of making a fool of yourself, of mismanaging your horse, his owner, trainer and friends from hope of victory and fear of defeat; and from fear of the very dreadful disappointment which was, in fact, to take me by the throat at Berber's Brook on Saturday.

This year, as I and 32 other assorted Englishmen and Irishmen wrestled with their private versions of these feelings, the two Russian jockeys present seemed oddly needed and welcomed. Clad in buggie breeches and what looked like the top halves of silk pajamas made for men twice their size, they might have been two escapees from an early Marx Brothers film. Neither spoke a word of English and, since Russian is not part of the average jockey's equipment, conversation in the room was limited to "good luck" on our side and to cheerful smiles on theirs.

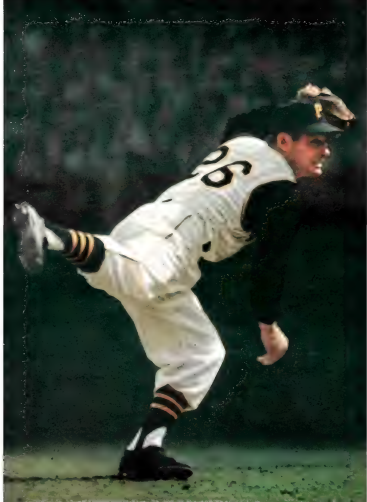
Continued on page 111

THE CHANGELESS BEAUTY OF A CHANGING GAME

The once immutable aspect of baseball is changing now, and rapidly. This season brand-new teams of rather old men will represent the American League in Los Angeles and Washington, the old Washington Senators having migrated to Minnesota. For all that change, baseball is the same. The split-second grace of a batter's swing or a pitcher's delivery, the familiar swooping, turning movement of an infielder starting a double play—all will ornament the game again. Here and on the following pages, in color and black-and-white photographs, are some of the chief artisans of baseball's timeless beauty.

ELROY FACE

The doughy little relief pitcher of the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates throws every ball with all his small might, his body quivering after the pitch like a just-fired catapult.







ROGER MARIS

The Most Valuable Player in his league last year shows the level power of his swing, his strong body perfectly graceful in the aftermath of a home run.

MILT PAPPAS

Cap pushed back, hair teased, the devil-may-care young right-hander who pitches for the lively young Baltimore Orioles prides cheerful defiance at the world.

VIC POWER

The Cleveland Indians' fleshy star takes off for first base after a hit, his face set in a thin grin. He has speed, flamboyance, style, and extraordinary competence as well.







BROOKS ROBINSON *Baltimore's fine young All-Star third baseman creates one of the classic positions in the familiar choreography of baseball, his body stretched in a long, clean line of effort. He missed here; he doesn't miss often.*

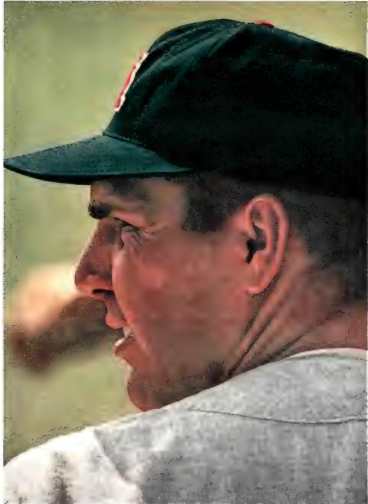


MICKEY MANTLE *The New York Yankees' slugger is also an exceptionally deft bunter. Here he is away in a driving sprinter's start, the ball barely off the bat as he takes his first step.*



MINNIE MINOSO *He swings with utter violence—and misses with utter finality. Because of this complete and daring commitment, even a Minoso strikeouts has unforgettable flair.*

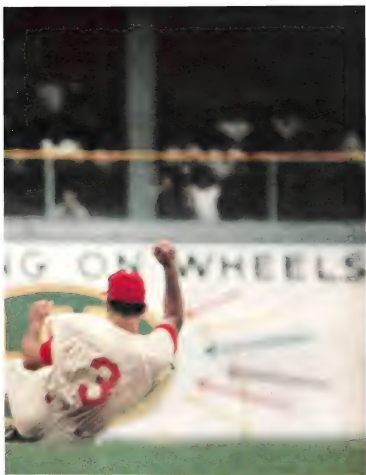
KEN BOYER *The big man of the St. Louis Cardinals squints into the sun, his strong face reflecting the quiet confidence of the superb athlete—a fearsome hitter, an almost impeccable fielder.*





DICK GROAT

The shortstop and captain of the World Champion Pittsburgh Pirates, setting



champion of the National League and Most Valuable Player in the league, is

the nearest thing to an indispensable man on the talent-rich Pirate roster.



FRANK HOWARD

*The huge
Dodger outfielder may be the most
powerful batter who ever lived. His
boyish face belies the fact that he is 6
feet 7 inches tall, weighs 245 pounds.*

WHITEY FORD

*One of the
shrewdest pitchers in baseball, he
is thoughtful and still as he con-
siders his continuing problem, the next
pitch, the next batter, the next game.*



THE CUBS AND ALL THEIR COACHES

In this season of change in big league baseball, nothing has been more intriguing than the Chicago Cubs' decision to play without a manager

Last December, Philip K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, said that the club, in a violent divorce with baseball tradition, would have no manager this year. Instead, a panel of coaches would direct the team, dividing their time between the Cubs and the minor league farm teams and taking turns acting as head coach. Heavy laughter greeted the innovation and echoed through the winter, so loudly that Wrigley last month released to the press a 21-page booklet explaining in detail the club's new

philosophy (everything will be directed towards developing better players), comparing it to modern business-management ideas (IBM computers have replaced blackboards), defending it (the Cubs have not been out of the second division in 14 years despite their use "of every type of manager from inspirational leader to slave driver"), and chiding the press for its sarcastic criticism of the experiment. Here is a report from the Cub training camp on how Wrigley's experiment is working out.

by WALTER BINGHAM

Elvin Tappe, coach, sat on a trunk in the locker room of the Chicago Cubs' training camp in Mesa, Ariz., flipping out a lineup card for the day's exhibition game. When he finished, he passed the card to Veeke Waller, coach. Waller read it and nodded. "One vote," said Tappe, grinning. He passed the card to Harry Craft, coach. Craft okayed it. "Two votes," said Tappe. Then he gave the card to Veele Hernd, coach. Hernd nodded. "Three votes," said Tappe. "Say, this is a good day."

That was all the votes Tappe got for the moment, because Bobby Adams, coach, Rip Collins, coach, and Goldie Helt, coach, were not present. Anyway, it wasn't really Tappe's own lineup. He had written it down on the orders of Charlie Grimm, coach, who for that day was head coach. The next day Tappe would be head coach and could make out his own lineup. On the day after that it would be Craft's turn. And it wasn't really a vote either, but merely an exchange of opinion among the coaches who were jointly managing the Cubs in spring training. The head coach of the

day was merely a prime mover; not until the regular season began would the manager pro tem act like an old-fashioned manager and then only during his tenure in office.

All this seeming nonsense began last winter when Phil Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, decided to eliminate the job of manager and create instead a faculty of coaches. John Holland, the general manager, admits he thought Wrigley was nuts. Charlie Grimm says that, coming from the old school, he was skeptical. The press made fun of it—an attitude Wrigley resents—calling the coaches the "omigratic eight" and the team "the unmanageables." There are still many who question Wrigley's motives.

"It's just a ploy to counteract all the publicity Bill Veck got with his so-called publicity in Chicago last year," said one sportswriter.

"Wrigley loves to be the nonconformist," said another Chicago man. "That's why he hasn't installed lights in his ball park and that's why he's doing this thing now."

Perhaps these men are right. Certainly Wrigley and the Cubs received mountains

of publicity this spring when normally the team, always a solid choice for the second division, would have been lost in the shadows of the cactus around Mesa. And yet, in theory at least, there appear to be a number of practical advantages to Phil Wrigley's new idea.

Circulating coaches

The Wrigley system—rule by a group of coaches with equal authority—is aimed primarily at developing the young players on Chicago's "associated teams." ("We don't call them minor leaguers," says John Holland. "They're all Cubs.") The coaches will circulate through the Cub organization during the season. Four coaches will always be with the major league Cubs, one of whom will be head coach. The other coaches will be with the "associates." During the season, every coach will spend some time with the Cubs and some in the minors. The changes will be made according to need. "Suppress," said Elvin Tappe, one of the four—the others are Craft, Adams and Hernd—who will be with the parent club at the start of the season, "suppose a young catcher on the San Antonio club is

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having trouble blocking pitches in the dirt. I'm a catching coach. If I happen to be with the Cubs at the time, even if I'm head coach, I'll just fly down to San Antonio for a while and change places with the coach there. He'll join the Cubs."

That job from office picked the coaching staff as deliberately as President Kennedy chose his cabinet. "We had to be careful," said Holland. "We couldn't hire a Durocher or Stanky, although they're good baseball men. We didn't want the type of guy who wants it done his way or else. We needed harmonious men who can be instructed and not take it personally. We needed men of varying personalities and capabilities. And that's what we got."

FROM GREEN TO RED

As players, the eight coaches, who gathered in Arizona at the beginning of spring training, ranged from very well known: Grimm and Collins (well known), Adams and Craft—to unknown: Hirst, Holt, Walker and Tappe. Each coach has a specialty: Grimm and Collins worked with first basemen, Tappe and Walker with catchers, Hirst and Holt with pitchers, Adams with infielders and Craft with outfielders.

"It's quite a cross-section," said Tappe, the youngest of the group at 31. "Grimm and Collins, they're the jolly type. That's good. If we have a boy in Wenatchee who's in a slump, we'll send Charlie down to take him out to dinner and cheer him up. Hirst, Craft and Holt are more serious. You need that, too. Sometimes you have to give a boy a little kick in the pants."

The Cubs feel that by rotating their coaches through the organization, the young players may develop faster. "Most minor league managers," said Holland, "can only help a boy a couple of ways. If the manager is an old pitcher, he can't very well tell a second baseman how to make a good pivot. We'll be able to do that. I think that our system should improve the morale of our young players. Sometimes in large organizations a kid feels lost, cut off from the men at the top. That won't happen with us. Our coaches will know all our players and the players will know the coaches."

Since all of the players will have performed in front of the coaches during the season, it may eliminate a problem that occurred this spring.

"We have a young pitcher named Carlin," said Holland. "He's slow and left-

handed, like Eddie Lopat. He's won 39 games in the minors in two years. This spring, the first time out, he starts throwing as hard as he can. He gets hit pretty bad because his fast ball isn't very fast. Finally someone who had seen him throw last year told him to stop trying to improve the coaches and go back to his normal style. Now he's pitching well. That's the sort of thing that shouldn't happen in our camp again."

Those skeptics who arrived at the Cubs' camp in Mesa expecting to find a wallowing in a sea of coaching confusion were disappointed. No pitcher was ordered to throw twice in one morning. No batter was given the hit sign and the take sign on the same pitch. A coach didn't bump into each other in the dugout. Everything was very well ordered. The coaches were divided between Roldausen Park with the Cubs and the high



THE COACHES who will be charged with developing young players: (left to right) R. P. Collins, head coach in San Antonio; (second from left) Hirst; Tappe, catchers coach; Holt.



pickoff coach, Vlade Diva (Assassin), another pickoff coach, Harry Craft, once manager of Kansas City, Charlie Grimes, who

managed the Cubs in 1995 (three times previously), Bobby Adams, former major league pitcher, and Verlan Walker, catching coach.

(See Story p. 30)

school field with the associated clubs. Workouts at both places began and ended at the same time. The same pickoff plays and cutoffs were practiced.

"If we bring a young pitcher up from San Antonio at midseason," said Grimes, "we won't have to teach him how we work our pickoff play. He'll know. It'll be the same one he's been using all season." While the new system is obviously popular among the younger players, most of

the older Cubs, the established major leaguers, would rather wait before commenting. "How many times during a season do you see the pickoff play work?" asked one. In Mesa most of the veterans simply smiled or shrugged.

"You can't knock it so far," said Glen Hobbie, the team's best pitcher. "We've had less idle time in training this year. But it will be interesting to see how it works when the season begins."

"One thing I can guarantee," said John Holland. "No one man will run the Cubs this season, no matter how well he's doing. In fact, Mr. Wrigley said he'd love to see a head coach win nine straight and then step down. I'm sure that won't happen, at least not this year. But if this thing works—and I'm beginning to think it will—you may see the day when a pennant winner is managed by eight men."

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A LOOK AT THE NEW SEASON

In major league baseball, 1960 may eventually become known as the year of the great leveling. In the National League only three teams—the Phillies, Reds and Cubs—seem to have no chance at all for the pennant; in the American League no one would pick the Kansas City Athletics, the Boston Red Sox, the Detroit Tigers or either of the two new teams—the Los Angeles Angels or the Washington Senators—for the championship. Otherwise, the talent is divided so evenly that a New York writer, voting in a spring-training poll, picked the Minnesota Twins for the pennant. Nine other New York writers, for very sound reasons, picked the New York Yankees.

Nevertheless, the Yankees are a case in point. This is a typical Yankee team—strong, fleet, replete with fearsome batters. Yet it is no longer as deep as a well in talent, and so it is more vulnerable to injury. And Ralph Houk, the new manager, must prove himself a capable replacement for Casey Stengel. His competition is formidable. The Baltimore Orioles nearly made it last year; this very young team should be better by the wisdom of a season, and that may be enough, although a stronger outfield would help, too. Or consider the Chicago White Sox, who led the American League in hitting and fielding last year but did not have quite enough pitching to win the close games. Age may slow the White Sox, but the acquisition of Juan Pizarro and Cal McLish, plus the improvement of Herb Score, could lift the pitching enough. The Cleveland Indians, a disappointment in 1960, have remedied weak pitching and a lack of power hitting by acquiring left-hander Johnny Antonelli and outfielder Willie Kirkland from the San Francisco Giants and may come back a long way. The Twins, fifth last year, are an improving team, and the excitement of establishing major league ball in Minnesota may invigorate the club into contention.

If Houk's job is difficult, Pittsburgh Manager Danny Muntaugh's is worse. He has the same young, efficient and aggressive team that won the title, plus better left-handed relief pitching in Bobby Shantz, but he faces strengthened opposition. The Milwaukee Braves have culled a leaky infield with the addition of Shortstop Roy McMillan and Second Baseman Frank Bolling, still have probably the best pair of pitchers in the league in Warren Spahn and Lefty Handberg. The Los Angeles Dodgers need a first-base catcher; they have a plethora of everything else, including the best young talent in either league. The St. Louis Cardinals, with a good pitching staff, a sound infield and fair catching, need only improve their outfield to move up from third place. The San Francisco Giants, loaded with starting pitchers and possessed of hitters like Willie Mays, Orlando Cepeda and Harvey Kuenn, may respond to the crop, professional attitude of rookie Manager Alvin Dark and play again as a team rather than as brilliant malcontents. If ever a pennant race seemed certain to be close, it is the National League's this year.

CONTINUED

THE REPORTS that follow on the 38 major league teams were prepared by Associate Editors Robert Creamer and Tex Maule; Staff Writers Walter Hinkham, Roger Williams and Eve Woodcock; Writer/Reporter Herman Weiskopf and Reporter Maury Allen.

Some roster changes were made too late to be noted in the reports. Among them: the Cubs traded Pitchers Moe Drabowsky and Seth Manbeck to the Braves for Infielders Andre Rodgers and Darrell Robinson; the Cubs traded Outfielder Lou Johnson to the Angels for Outfielder Lou McMillan; the Phillies sold Infielder Ted Lepore to the White Sox.

PITTSBURGH PIRATES

The Pirates, under tough little Danny Murtagh, are looking for another pennant with the same lively crew—Hoak, Groat, Skinner, etc.—that won last year.



ANALYSIS OF THE PIRATES

STRONG POINTS

Over-all defense, first-line pitching, balanced hitting—all these the Pirates have. The infield of Don Hoak on third, Dick Groat at short, Bill Mazeroski at second (with either Dick Stuart or Rocky Nelson at first), is most effective defensively and efficient unit. Most Valuable Player Groat makes up for a lack of range by an inordinate ability to be in the right place; Mazeroski is the best in the business at second. The first-line outfield, with Skinner, Vidan and Clemente, is a first-rate defensive unit, too. And both the Pirate catchers—Strike Hagges and Hal Smith—are adequate behind the plate. The Pirate pitching staff is contained primarily in Bob Friend and Vernon Law, who won 36 games last season. Arnege Bend Moeck, obtained from St. Louis in mid-

season, won 14 games, may win more this year. The Pittsburgh relief pitchers—Elroy Face, Clem Labine and the newly acquired Bobby Shantz—are probably the best trio in the league. The Pirate attack has been based on the line drive, an effective weapon in Forbes Field, and the Pirates are well equipped in line-drive hitters, with Groat, Clemente, Batters, Hoak, et al.

WEAK SPOTS

Power hitting, second-line pitching. Only Stuart (23 homers, 31 RBIs) shows consistent power. Behind Friend, Law and Moeck, the pitching is not dependable—in games the World Series—although Manager Danny Murtagh says it will suffice: "Only change I'd make on this club would be to add a power-hitting outfielder."

THE BIG IF'S

There are very few if's on the Pirates. This is a sound club, rightfully confident of its ability to retain its championship. Only central-table questions are whether Groat, who hit 36 points, above his lifetime average last year, can maintain pace, and whether pitchers like Harvey Haddix, Joe Garmon, and Green will contribute a fair number of victories.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Bobby Shantz, acquired as left-handed relief pitcher to supplement Face and Labine, is the only new face that will appear often in the Pirate lineup. Shantz was obtained in a trade with the New Washington entry in the American League after the Yankees had placed him on their available list. A short-hand relief pitcher, he had an intriguing season in training (not appeared in 42 games).

'I WATCH MY DIET. NO FRIES.'

"This is where it hurts. I had a very bad winter," the speaker was Pirate Right Fielder Roberto Clemente, and he was pointing to his stomach, rubbing it gently.

"Something off with my diet. I eat the wrong food or too much food or not enough food. I don't know. Doctors don't know," he said.

"I feel very bad at the World Series. That's why I did not do so well." When reminded he hit .110 in the World Series, Clemente said: "Yes, but I not hit with power."

After an agonizing winter the stomach pains went away as mysteriously as they came.

"Now I feel good, real good. I still

watch my diet. No fries. I am healthy. This year I play much better."

There is much of Christmas at the batting cage of the Pittsburgh Pirates: Groat expectations and happy faces, the support of children with the latest in mechanical toys.

Before a game the hitters are at play. There are cutting remarks and biting comment. Third Baseman Don Hoak, voted the second most valuable player in the National League last year and a half-player who lives the cliché, "Once a marine, always a marine," leads his gang of playmates in the assault.

He shouts: "Pitchers aren't athletes,

That's why they can't hit." And Pitcher Bob Friend joins a practice hit. Hoak smiles.

"Cmon, fat boy, get out of there and let a man hit," Hoak yells. So Bill Mazeroski tries a little harder.

"Let's go, meathead," Hoak says; Dick Groat slugs a line drive into the right-field corner. In an aside, Hoak says to Pitcher Clem Labine, "He's ready."

He bellows again. Bob Skinner smiles and pops to third. "Home run in Yankee Stadium," Hoak says.

There are snail-softies at the cage, and hitters cheer when they count runs. Dick Stuart says he lost four home runs when Labine joined the club, and Hal



Illustration by Bill Klemm



BILL MAZEROSKI



ROBERTO CLEMENTE



DON HOAR



BOB SKINNER

for the Yanks last year, and had an ERA of 2.78.

OUTLOOK

Boosted by a champion's spirit, courage and confidence, Pirates will be one-two.

1970 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHER	WON	LOST	SAVES
1	92	59	28

1970 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING		PERCENTAGE	
Groat	.325	Low	39.9
Clemente	.304	Fixed	38.17
Burgin	.284	Most	34.3

HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
Stuart	22	Clemente	44
Dwight	20	Skinner	40
Hoar	20	Stuart	41

Smith tells Stuart to shut up and hit. For players, baseball is a business in which they make money, feed families, build homes, gain fame. The Pittsburgh Pirates do that. They also play at baseball. The batting cage is their toy. The fan didn't stop last year until Bill Mazeroski hit a home run. It's started up all over again.

"The big difference between our club and the others," Dick Groat said, "is that we go over plays a thousand times so that we get instinctive reactions. Once you stop and think out there, you're dead. When the ball comes off the bat, you have to make your move all at once."

THE FRONT OFFICE

Dynamic John W. Galbreath, 63, realtor, home owner and Pirates' president, was smacked in the face last year with a cup of beer during the clubhouse frolic after Bill Mazeroski's winning homer. Said millionaire Galbreath: "Except for Max, I'm the wisest and happiest man in here." But boss since 1946, Galbreath is a rabid fan, sits in private seating box, valleys wisely at losses and leaves running of club to able, affable General Manager Joe Keroy Brown, son of Comedian Joe E. Named for a juggling partner of his father, Joe started under Branch Rickey, moved up, took over in 1955, made good trades, brought Pittsburgh first pennant in 35 years. The efficient farm system has been reduced in recent years from 34 to seven clubs as Pirates focused attention on high-quality prospects only.

THE BALL PARK

For the first time since 1926, home championship banner will decorate flagpole at Forbes Field (33,499 capacity) in city's Oakland district, three miles east of downtown. Nestled among trees of Schenley Park and buildings of U. of Pittsburgh, field is best reached by trolley (15 minutes from downtown) or bus. Parking is limited, inconvenient and costly (\$1 to \$2 and sometimes as high as \$3 to \$5). Refreshment stands adequate for small crowds, jammed at sellouts. Pittsburgh specialty: soft drink called lemon blend. Also available: pizza (\$7½ and \$1.25) and fish sandwiches. No beer sold, but fans bring their own with bag lunches from home. Poor obstruct view from some seats, especially along right-field line. Ushers are capable, expect tips. No ads on outfield walls. Special problems: pigeons that park on gliders under the roof.

You can't go through a reasoning process. You can't say to yourself, 'The guy on first has a hell of a lot of speed, so maybe I can't get the throw over to second in time for the double play, I better get one out at first.' By the time you get through figuring all of that out, they're safe all around.

"I read stories about how lucky we were last year. You make your luck. You don't blow a play in the first few innings, and then get a run batted to you late in the game. My bet is that we made fewer mistakes than other clubs in the league did. We didn't have unnecessary runs to get back in the late innings that we gave away in the early ones."

MILWAUKEE BRAVES

The Braves won pennants in '57 and '58, then slipped to second after that. They are still strong and powerful, but they are beginning to live in the past



ANALYSIS OF THE BRAVES

STRONG POINTS

The Braves, who have finished 1-2-3 for eight straight years, have explosive power in the middle of the batting order, three first-base pitchers and the best catcher in the league. Eddie Mathews, Hank Aaron and Joe Adcock hit 104 homers, batted in 340 runs last year, figures strong enough to impress any pitcher. Warren Spahn with 288 wins and 51 shutouts is winningest lefty in NL history, should win his 50th game this year. Spahn's roomie, Lou Boudier, missed 20 by one last year, will start and relieve this season, will win less, but should prove just as valuable. Bob Babi's slick 3.09 ERA, 16-9 record shows he's definitely recovered from 1958 arm trouble. Del Crandall at 31 is still No. 1 among NL catchers. Roy McMillan and Billy Martin from Reds and

Frank Beiling from Tigers strengthen Braves infield, a trouble spot in 1960.

WEAK SPOTS

Primarily relief pitching, but there are also gaping holes in the outfield and in secondary pitching. Braves gave up on Joey Jay, Juan Pizarro, traded them for infielders, are no closer to solving problem of finding corner starters. Manager Charley Dressen hopes for comeback from hard-throwing Relief Man Don McMahon (3-6 and 5.90 ERA in 1960). Outfield situation is muddled: Wes Covington, with his bad knee, and Lee Maye, with his unfulfilled promise, are strong hitters, but sick-fielding, spray-hitting. Al Spangler and Felix Mantilla may do most of the playing. The Braves already miss Billy Braine, the outfielder they traded to Detroit.

THE BIG IF'S

The outfield and the relief pitching. Braves are gambling that patchwork outfield this year won't hurt the way patchwork infield did last year. And McMahon must give the Braves first-class relief help.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Braves are glowing about Mack Jones, 22, an outfielder who runs fast, hits with power, throws well. His power is no right corner. If he can be taught to pull, he could stick this year. Frank Torre's brother, Joe, who was with team in spring training, became catcher on Frank's advice, throws like a big leaguer, has shown a lot more league but, is rated a sure future bet. New Shortstop McMillan and new Second Baseman Beiling are first-class ballplayers, will give Braves solid double-play combination. Billy Martin wants to play, is Dressen's kind of ballplayer.

THE ROOKIE CATCHER

Joe Torre is a good-looking, thick-chested 20-year-old Latin with dark eyebrows and curly hair. With a fast hair-comb and a close shave, he could make a burly matinee idol for a Hollywood feature, but he doesn't want to be. He wants to be a major league catcher.

He learned against the batting cage and rubbed his wrist. He had Band-Aids on the thumb and the ring finger of his left hand. He had a cut on his right palm and tape across the right knuckles.

"I'm not worried about the bruises. It makes your hands tougher," he said. "I played first base, pitched and played third in high school. My brother Frank [former Milwaukee first baseman] and

I looked over the major league rosters one day. We didn't see many catchers who had big batting averages. So, I became a catcher.

"I used to read the papers and think about Crandall and Spahn and all those names. Then one day you get up here. I walked around the locker room and looked at the names—Crandall, Mathews, Spahn, Aaron. You just hear about them," said Torre. "Then just like that I saw 'Joe Torre' above a locker. Right near Spahn's, too.

"You know what," the rookie catcher said. "They're just guys. Just like the guys you play with on any team. Just as friendly, just as nice." After a pause,

he smiled. "Yeah, just as nice, but better ballplayers."

After 10 years at Cincinnati, Roy McMillan was traded to the Milwaukee Braves last winter.

"No baseball player likes to be traded," he said this spring. "It's the toughest thing in the game. It's worse than a bad year. You get used to the fellows on the ball club and the town and the way of doing things.

"But I've been around in baseball long enough, so I wasn't surprised. I knew I was going to be traded. When you hear so many rumors it's not just a lot of general manager's talk. I knew



HENRY AARON



FRANK BOLLING



WARREN SPAHN



LOU BURDETTE

OUTLOOK

The Braves will win the pennant if the outfield holds together and the pitching staff comes up with a stopper in the bullpen. Even if that party doesn't come off, the Braves should be close to the top all year.

1990 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
2	88	66	7

1990 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	W/GAMES
Adkins .798	Seesholtz 71-20
Candell .754	Burke 71-11
Apone .717	Bolt 26-9
PITCHING	GAMES BATTED IN
Seesholtz 40	Apone 126
Maloney 30	Stoltz 124
Ridley 21	Adkins 81

it, but I hoped it wouldn't happen. "I'll tell you something," McMillan said earnestly. "I didn't like being traded but I'm glad I'm with a club that has a chance to win it. Third place is the highest we ever finished in Cincinnati. I sure wouldn't mind playing in a World Series this year."

"The Pirates won," Charley Deason said, "because they had a lot of guys who were willing to work hard. If we want to win, we have to work just a little harder."

"That's the trouble with baseball players today," the manager of the Braves confessed. "Everybody wants to take it

THE FRONT OFFICE

LENN R. PONTI played baseball's New Frontier when he took Braves from native Boston west to Milwaukee. Now the 37-year-old contractor (Massachusetts Turnpike, Toronto subway, etc.) devotes more time to business and less to baseball. Ponti made himself board chairman a few years ago, supplanted Joseph P. Carter to president Joseph G. (George) Handley, former manager of Cincinnati Reds, in executive VP. John McHale, ex-Detroit Tiger general manager, is GM. A standout as a ballplayer with Tigers (defensive BA: .991), McHale worked up through Detroit chain to top job; made surprise move to Braves after 1979 season. John Mullen, a fine Irish terror, directs farm setup, one of baseball's best. Rivals say Braves need with talented youngsters, should be near top of the league for years.

THE BALL PARK

Four miles and 20 minutes from downtown, County Stadium (44,426 capacity) is a fan's delight: plenty of good seats, excellent parking (11,000 spaces), great 25c, fine food, lots of beer. Novelty section, introduced last season, is Braves Reservation—area at ground level between third base and left field that has tables and chairs, permits families and other groups to eat, drink, watch game at same time. Famous Ponti's Wreck—pioneers beyond warning field fence—swaggy-as-tree doc has been replaced this year by green-painted bleachers (middle warning line with burner's vision, will be kept clear during games). New grandstand seating in baseball; hot/warm, hot corned beef, cheeseburgers, two kinds of hot dogs, grilled cheese sandwiches, combination sandwiches (chicken, cold cuts, lettuce, salad dressing). Plus that fine beer.

easy. It's not just the ballplayers. It's everybody. Just the other day I picked up a couple of kids who wanted a lift to get to the tennis courts. The courts were two blocks away. Can you imagine that? Two blocks away and those kids wouldn't walk."

Dresen laughed. "We pay big bonuses to these kids and then they come to camp figuring all they have to do is show up. Some kids think all you have to do is eat vitamins and you bang on off the wall. But baseball's a tough game."

"The Pirates are a good ball club. The Cards are improved. The Dodgers have all these good kids. We gotta work hard," he said. "We gotta work hard."

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

Elderly Stan Musial's bat helps the Cardinal attack, but his aging legs weaken outfield defense—which typifies the Cards' problem of nonfielding hitters



ANALYSIS OF THE CARDINALS

STRONG POINTS

There are several: sound power-hitting infield, deep pitching staff headed by two of league's best in Ernie Broglio (21-9), Larry Jackson (18-13). As of Pitcher Andy McDaniel appeared in 85 games last year, won 12, lost four and saved 27 for best relief record in majors. Recovery of Bob Miller adds potential 15-game winner; veteran Curt Simmons and Ray Sadeck (9-9 in first year) provide left-handed starters. Ken Boyer is one of the two best third basemen in baseball (Eddie Mathews is the other). His considerable power is supplemented by Daryl Spencer at short and Bill White at first. Second basemen Julian Javier hit .237 last year, but steals bases, scores runs, provides strong defense. Red Schoendienst, home and happy, is fine utility man.

WEAK SPOTS

Outfield, left-handed relief pitching. Only in right field do the Cardinals have a player (Lee Cunningham) who combines good batting with fast fielding. In left, Stan Musial and Bob Nieman hit well, field poorly. In center, Cam Flood has speed, arm and glove, but hit .237 last year. Walt Moryn adds fair power to outfield, but is only adequate on defense.

THE BIG IF

Stan Musial is 40, although he did not look or act it in spring training. Last year, for two months, he was the Stan Musial of old, and his hitting carried the team. He is being counted on to hit as well again; much depends on how many games he can play well. Daryl Spencer is a useful batter, but is not

a good fielder. "Spencer is a second-division defensive player," one scout says. "He'll make the routine play, not the big one." Larry Jackson broke jaw in training. His loss, for at least two weeks, will slow team's start. Ernie Broglio's 21-game season was a distinct, and welcome, surprise last year. Cards assume he'll be a big winner again. He had better be.

BOOKIES AND NEW FACES

Don Landrum, up from Buffalo, may solve center-field problem; he hit well in International League, is fleet, sane fly catcher. Al Cioffe, who has bounced around baseball since 1948, is back for his fifth try at the majors. He earned this shot after leading the International League in ERA (1.79), shutouts (8), strikeouts (358) and victories (36). "I finally learned to pitch," Al says, "and my fast ball came back."

26 RUNS FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP

Solly Herman, the manager of the Cardinals, is a man much given to introspection and second guessing. "We could have won the National League championship last year," he says. "All we needed was 26 more runs batted in by our outfielders." Solly is an honest man and he believes this. "We got lots of power from left field," he went on. "But Nieman carried us there for a couple of months, and when he pulled a muscle, I got Stan Musial in. Stan hit 37 homers, and he drove in lots of runs. But we didn't get enough from center and right. All together, we only got 196 runs batted in last year from the outfield. I figure with this club, I got to have at least

220 runs batted in. We'd need even more than that if we didn't have solid power hitters like Boyer, White and Spencer in the infield. What we may have to do this year is carry seven outfielders on the roster—three for defense and four for offense."

Ken Boyer is a superb third baseman. He hits .300 and fields magnificently. But on one play this spring, he looked like a busher. The batter hit the ball on a low, screaming line between Ken and the base line, a very difficult fielding chance, not the sort of chance an established star is going to break his back to get in a meaningless spring training game. Boyer

reached with his glove, turned his head away and hoped. Harry Walker, in the third-base coaching box, put his head back and laughed. He mimicked a bull-fighter passing a bull in the *pass de picas*, both hands to his right, his head turned away from the horns. "Ow," said Harry.

"I've got to make it big this year," said 31-year-old Al Cioffe, who is up from Toronto trying for the fifth time to stick with a major league baseball club. "I'm an insurance salesman in the off season. I sold \$300,000 worth of insurance in three months last year. But if I could be a big major league player for a while,



OUTLOOK

Manager Solly Thomas parlayed back-and-forth seasons' performances from several players to lift the Cardinals to a third-place finish last year; he will need a good deal more of both to finish that high again.

1980 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1	56	55	5

1980 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

HITTING		PITCHING	
Boyer	.284	Drayton	21.9
Norman	.241	Jacobsen	38.13
White	.235	Mullins	37.4
MORE RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
Boyer	17	Boyer	37
Brudak	13	White	19
Sprecher	10	Brudak	53
White	10		

I could sell a whole lot more. I need the name."

"A .220 hitter in the minors will be a .220 hitter all his life," said Marty Marion, a special coach for shortstops. "Most hitting is in your reflexes. You can't improve them. But you can do a few things. I thought of myself as a glove man when I came up. Then I decided to be a hitter. The big thing I did was to study the pitchers, so I would know what they might be expected to throw in a given situation. I was pretty tough with the bat my last few years up." In other words, it isn't all reflex. A hitter can learn. Bill White, the Cardinal first baseman, has



ALLAN JAKER



BILL WHITE



LINDY MCDANIEL

ERNE BROGLIO



THE FRONT OFFICE

Anheuser-Busch, Inc. owns the Cardinals, and August Anheuser Busch Jr. carefully points out that he is merely the club's president. Philibert Gussie bought the club in 1953, freely admits team helps beer sales. At 51, Gussie is less active than when he first took over club and worked out at spring training. Stuffed, quiet, Vaughan P. (Rog) Devine, 43, replaced the bombastic Frank Lane at GM in 1957, has grown in stature through smart trades and last year's surprising third-place finish. Walter Shannon runs farm organization (Cardinals originated the farm system), has it producing again. Executive VP Dick Meyer serves as sort of liaison between Busch and Devine. Ed Stanky, less brash than in his playing and managing days, is clubhouse doctor and special adviser to Devine on player trades.

THE BALL PARK

A new \$5,000-seat stadium is on drawing boards for 1984, but until then Cards stay in 30-year-old Busch Stadium (1,000 capacity), formerly Sportsman's Park. Arrive bus, American service; most fans drive to special points, park, take express buses to field. Not much parking near stadium. Only ball park with draught beer; paper-cupful (Brew Busch's kind and on the shelves for 23¢). Hot dogs, often very popular because they're grilled instead of boiled. Scoreboard will follow pleasure of crowd of posing, sitting-by-inning line scores of out-of-town games. Busch Stadium has longest dugouts in baseball, plush loge boxes (\$2,750 seasons) with elevator service, waiters, plugs for phone, radio, refrigeration. Ground crew laboring to have grass—mowed last fall by first season of grass football in St. Louis (the U.S. Cardinals—ready for Opening Day).

groomed from the instructions of Harry Walker. "White used to jerk his head away, and he didn't want to see the pitch," Walker says. "Now he waits. He'll be a hell of a hitter this year."

Sonny Randle, a sprinter turned pro football player, worked with all the Cardinals this spring, teaching them how to run faster. Not how to steal bases—and how to run fast. Most apt pupil was Catcher Hal Smith, who now figures he's a step faster to first base than before.

"A half step is enough," says Marion, the Cardinal manager. "A half step a game for 154 games means—how many runs? Thirty? Could be the difference."

LOS ANGELES DODGERS

The Los Angeles Dodgers, a team of potential superstars who haven't yet made it, are run by a superfinancier who has. They could win the pennant



ANALYSIS OF THE DODGERS

STRONG POINTS

The Dodgers are rich in talent: depth on both outfield and infield, power hitting, skilful pitching, superb defense. They have two outfielders—Tommy and Willie Davis, Frank Howard, Duke Snider and Wally Moon—who could make any major league squad on the strength of their hitting alone. Howard and Moon have something to be feared as fielders—Howard for lack of polish, Moon because of a weak arm that he overestimates. But all hit with power, and consistently. The Dodger pitching staff had the best earned run average in the league, fewest earned runs allowed, fewest hits, most strikeouts. The starters—Roger Craig, Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Steve Williams and Johnny Podres—teeter year after year on the edge of greatness. The relief pitchers—Ed

Rothack and Larry Sherry—are excellent. Should Tommy Davis play third and Frank Howard first (instead of singles hitter Norm Larker), the Dodger infield would boast as much power as most outfields do. Maury Wills, a pesky hitter, and Charlie Neal, a strong one, are set at shortstop and second. And they comprise a fine defensive team.

WEAK SPOTS

Truly, the only weak spot on this team is the catching. John Roachano does not have it, defensively or with the bat. Norm Sherry may have the equipment; he doesn't have the experience. Manager Walter Alton has tried Gil Hodges as a catcher in spring training, and Hodges, a thorough goer, looks good. His bat would be a big help, and his arm, too.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Willie Davis, who in two years in the minors has led his league each season in five offensive categories, seems to be a sure starter for the Dodgers in center field. Wills does everything superbly—run, hit, field and throw. The only other exciting new face is a youngster named Ron Ferrarese, who was signed this spring to a Dodger contract after he demonstrated a cool, unruffled demeanor while rearing major league hitters.

THE BIG IF'S

The biggest if on the Dodger squad is Frank Howard. Howard has almost unlimited power. He also presents a pitcher with an immense strike zone, most of it, up until now, unprotected. He has been guilty of over-undoing, has corrected that error. The kind of year Howard has will have a strong influence on the kind of year the Dodgers have.

RUN, RUN, RUN

"A player like Maury Wills can raise the batting average of the man behind him in the lineup .20 or .30 points," said Freico Thompson. "He can do it by running. Maury stole 30 bases last year. What do you think that does to the pitcher when Maury gets on base? And the catcher? The pitcher can't bear down for worrying about holding Maury on, and the catcher is afraid to call for a curve or a changeup for fear Maury is going down to second. So the guy batting behind Maury gets fast balls, and he knows he'll get them. There's the .20 or .30 points in average."

Gil Hodges is a big man, built like a pro halfback. For the first time since he was

a rookie, more than a dozen years ago, he reportedly so-camp worried about sticking with the club. For 11 straight years Hodges never hit less than 20 home runs; last year he hit eight, batted .198. At Dodgerdom this spring, he was a worried man.

"I got in a bad habit last season," he said, big hands twisting a first baseman's mitt nervously. "I used to swing like I was trying to hit the outside of the ball—the side across the plate from me. That way I had a wide, extended swing. Somehow I got out of that. I started hitting the side of the ball toward me—popping up, not getting enough bat on the ball. I have been working hard trying to get

back the old swing. I hope I got it now. I don't know."

In 1956 Dan Newcombe won 27 games for the Dodgers. In 1961 he was at Vero Beach working hard for a job—any kind of pitching job—with the same club. He is a big man, running to fat, and spring training was hard work for him. He was released outright by the Cleveland Indians last year; after that big 1956 season, his talent died out.

"This game's no fun," Newcombe said one day, wiping away the rivulets of sweat coursing down his thick neck. "If I make this team, or another big league team, I'll keep playing. I made \$27,000



OUTLOOK

This could be the beginning of a Dodger dynasty to rival that of the Yankees or that of the old Brooklyn Dodgers (who 1948-56). The talent is there; if it doesn't jell this year, it will next, or next after that.

1960 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
4	82	72	31

1960 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE

BATTING		AT BATTING	
Lester	321	Drysdale	21
Moss	299	Sterry	14 10
Wills	295	Williams	14 10
PITCHING		BASES BATTED IN	
Spahn	71	Lester	17
Stuhr	14	Howard	17
Moss	13	Wills	14

last year. That's why I'm here. But if I can't stay in the majors, I'll go home."

The face was similar, a little rounder maybe, but the family resemblance was there. The build was different, an inch or so taller, even a little heavier. This young ballplayer, Doug Camilli, is a catcher. His father was a first baseman for the Brooklyn Dodgers. "I remember your dad, Delph Camilli," people say to him. "He used to hit a lot of home runs. Why, I saw him hit one in Brooklyn [1941]."

Young Camilli, 24, wants to make the ball club. "I have to do it myself. My dad can't get up there and hit for me,



MAURY WILLS



NORM LARKER



TOMMY DAVIS



DON DRYSDALE

THE FRONT OFFICE

Strong man of the National League is Dodger President Walter Francis O'Malley. He became Dodgers' club attorney in 1942 (succeeding Wendell Willkie), bought out Branch Rickey in 1950. Hired in California and howled at in Brooklyn when he took team to L.A., O'Malley appears unaffected by criticism but is extremely proud of Dodgers' acceptance in California and club's on-field record during his reign: five pennants in 10 years. Vice-President Karl J. (Burr) Bevis, 45, a budding DePaul graduate, got first baseball job through friendship with Ford Frick's son, a college classmate. Vice-President Finco Thompson, a former ballplayer (1936-1940) and baseball's dominant west, manages excellent farm system. Another VP, Dick Walsh, is young man with bright future.

THE BALL PARK

Coliseum (92,500 capacity) will be home of the Dodgers one more year. In 1962 team will play in Dodger Stadium at Chavez Ravine (36,000 capacity). For 1961, Dodgers will happily try to fill huge arena a few more times. Short drive from downtown (10 minutes in light traffic, 30 in peak freeway traffic). Stated parking lot 5,000 cars (531), private parking for 5,000 more (up to 55), on big days parking on both lots (500 up). Concessions good. Specialties: chocolate hamburgers (5¢), French fries, sandwiches (meat, beef and ham) 75¢. Service excellent (sometimes 900 waiters). Allied Maintenance warns others: "We frozen on gratitudes. A man caught accepting tips is given a couple of days off to remember." Field change: right center moved in from 194 to 180 feet. No change: that close, close Wall of China screen (251 feet).

It's just the pitcher and me, that's all."

Doug learned the game himself. "My dad was on the road a lot, first playing, then coaching or managing. Now he scouts for the Yankees. The Dodgers signed me before my dad went to work for the Yankees."

He barely remembers 1941. "We talked about it a lot, though, my brothers and me." There was a lot to talk about in the Camilli home about 1941. Delph Camilli hit a lot of home runs, helped win a lot of games, and the Dodgers bought a pennant to Brooklyn, the city's first in 21 years.

"There was a lot of excitement around. I remember that," Doug Camilli said.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

Candlestick Park is a windy, precarious foothold for any manager, but Alvin Dark, with a few anchors to windward like Willie, hopes to lead Giants into the sun



ANALYSIS OF THE GIANTS

STRONG POINTS

Giants have baseball's best in Willie Mays. Last year, hitting into tunnel of Candlestick wind, Mays belted 29 HRs, 103 RBIs, batted .315. Mays, Orlando Cepeda and Harvey Kuenn could take three of top five spots in NL batting race. Pitching staff had second-best team ERA in league: Rookie standout Juan Marichal (2.67); still-improving Mike McCormick (2.79); stopper Sam Jones (3.19); hard-luck Billy O'Dell (3.19); shutout leader Jack Sanford (3.82); and junk-baller Stu Miller (3.88). The six accounted for all but 13 of Giants' 79 victories last year.

WEAK SPOTS

Belief picking, catching, infield defense. To compensate for league's worst bullpen,

Manager Al Dark is resigned to relieving with all starters except McCormick and Marichal. Club's 1960 relief pitchers were as bad (Loos 4.89; Shipley 5.40; Maranda 4.59; Ryerly 3.32) that only Loos was on spring roster this year. Light-hitting Hobie Landrith, poor-fielding Bob Schmidt provide barely adequate catching. Infield of McCovey, Blasingame, Bruns and Davenport performed badly in field last year (first in both DPs and stars fielding) and even worse at plate: combined BA of .235, with Davenport's .251 highest of four.

THE BIG IF

1959 freshman sensation Willie McCovey, only left-handed power hitter on team, must deliver if Giants are to have a chance at pennant. Club believes his dismal 1960

showing stemmed from overconfidence and resulting confusion, not from lack of big league ability. With Harvey Kuenn apparently set at third base and rookie Chuck Hiller looking like a corner at second base, the Giant infield may change rapidly from a weak spot to a strong point if Jim Davenport stays healthy (ankle, knee trouble) and Don Blasingame regains his old class at bat and in the field.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Kuenn, obtained from Indians for unhappy Johnny Antonelli and lackadaisical Willie Kirkland, is consistent .300 hitter and reasonably adept at third, first, or in outfield. Best rookies are Catcher Tom Haller and Second Baseman Hiller. Fast-balling Sherman Jones (.309 ERA in brief stay last season) may return after more seasoning in minors.

THE METHODS OF DARK

With a man on third, two outs and no score in the first inning, Manager Alvin Dark made an unpopular but significant decision. He would walk Enrie Banks, the Cubs' most dangerous hitter, intentionally. There were assorted boos and jeers from the stands, then gleeful laughter as the fourth wide pitch almost got by Catcher Hobie Landrith. There was unrest in the open-air Arizona press box, too, where shrewd sportswriters stopped checking their fans long enough to grumble. "Good Lord, it's only an exhibition game."

Exhibition or not, Dark was playing it to the hilt. In both the second and fourth innings he had Pitcher Billy O'Dell

squeeze bunting and later charging away from first base on the hit-and-run. The strategists were in keeping with Dark's determination to put new life into the Giants.

To most camp followers, Dark's appointment as manager provided a timely psychological as well as physical break with the horror of the last two years. None of his men, he says, including Willie Mays, will play more than 145 games, because "the long trips and odd hours will wear a man down if he tries to play every day." In spring camp Dark held only three intrasquad games. He also stopped his pitchers from shagging fly balls in practice ("They're never going

to be outfielders"), and instead gave them special batting practice three times a week.

Dark, some have said, is on the spot as new manager of the talented but disappointing Giants.

"That's not so," said a more astute observer. "Al Dark this season has the easiest job in baseball. Bill Rigney had the Giants when everyone was expecting great things from them. They fell flat, so he was fired. Some thing with Tom Sheehan. Dark takes over a disappointing, fifth-place ball club, but a club with a good chance of moving up a notch or two. They're not going to finish any lower. And if they do better—people will



WILLIE HAYS



HARVEY KUENN



MIKE MCCORMICK



ORLANDO CEPEDA

OUTLOOK

After two straight collapses, the Giants are now odds-on favorites for fourth place, not first. Led by old hero Alvin Dark, however, they could settle down and become long contenders.

1960 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	SAVED
5	79	71	18

1960 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTERS		PITCHERS	
Rays	318	Jones	18
Kuylen	308	McCormick	25
Cepeda	281	Saunders	12

MORE HITS	MORE BATTED IN
Mays 29	Mays 103
Cepeda 24	Cepeda 86
McGouty 11	Rubin 54

say, "Boy, that Dark did a fine job of straightening out the Giants." Ralph Houk with the Yankees is a guy on the spot. But not Al Dark."

On or off the spot, Dark was directing with solid, conventional care; after five innings the Giants had an 8-3 lead, and the people in the stands and the corners in the press box were beginning to look around for something a little more stimulating to watch. A foul ball sailed over the first-base stands, hit the street and bounced into an empty lot. A small boy started after it. So did a strapping teenager about twice his size. The boy got there first but he wouldn't have bothered;

THE FRONT OFFICE

Horace C. Stonham is a rare commodity in baseball—an owner who knows only one business, baseball. A shy man, Stonham, 56, broods when team losses, yearns for solace to old friends and old haunts. Horace took over club at 32 when his father died, is constantly torn between hope and reality. A New Yorker, he was reluctant to move west from Polo Grounds, is not yet completely at home in San Francisco. Son Charles H. (Pete) Stonham, 32, the heir apparent, is a vice-president, but has not had too much to do with operation of club. Effervescent Charles S. (Chub) Frazee, 34, Horace's nephew, is also a VP, sits in general manager, is well liked by press, well regarded by competitors. Former pitching star Carl Hubbell, Jack Schwartz and Frank Shelton back operate club's minor league holdings.

THE BALL PARK

Fences from left center to right center have been moved in 10 to 30 feet this year at Candlestick Park (42,500 capacity), and a \$40,000, 400-ton redwood backdrop has been added in center field for better batting visibility. Main problem remains unsolved the wind. First baseman Willie McCovey complained, "Wind keeps blowing peanut shells in my eyes." Five miles south of downtown on San Francisco Bay, park can be reached by land (via 4 freeway) or by sea (private boat, plus half-price tickets). Stadium Club (a concession on sundeck 4th Street level) opens in June. Planned prices: soft \$1.50, steak \$4.25, Giant hamburger (meat on bun, not over) \$1.85. Club members can buy de luxe box (eight seats) for \$4,000. Ushers are girls, uniformly uniformed, efficient, don't sweat tips. It always gets out of hand. Burns detectors are on call.

one firm word from the teen-ager, and the boy gave up the ball. A moment later a foul went over the third-base stands. The teen-ager galloped over, swooped in on a pack of younger boys and came up with the ball. "That kid has had manners," a man said, "but great range."

The ice cream man passed the press box, looked into the radio booth and held on ice cream cone up inquiringly. The announcer shook his head sadly. "I'd love one of these," he said off mike. "But I ate one over in Scottsdale the other day, and it made a cracking noise into the microphone. We got calls from all over wondering what the hell was going on."

CINCINNATI REDS

Some, including Manager Fred Hutchinson, thought the Reds were complacent last year. It won't happen again, if Hutch has his way: he's trying to recharge his lethargic team



ANALYSIS OF THE REDS

STRONG POINTS

A strong outfield, a trio of ace relievers, a solid catcher, one dependable starting pitcher. Center Fielder Vida Pinson and Left Fielder Frank Robinson are heart of team. Both have power (last year Pinson had 20 home runs, Robinson 31), good batting averages (Pinson .287, Robinson .297), speed (Pinson stole 12 bases, Robinson 13) and good gloves. If Pinson overcomes an occasional tendency to lunge at pitches, he will be even better. Wally Pisk and Gus Bell hit total of 31 home runs, will be platooned in right field. Jim Berman (.236 ERA), Marshall Bridges (.237 ERA) and Bill Henry (.18 ERA) form choice bullpen. Catcher Ed Bailey handles pitchers well, has strong arm. His 13 home runs, 67 RBIs were second-best totals for an NL catcher last season. Control Pitcher Bob Purkey (17-11) is only reliable starter.

WEAK SPOTS

Ragged first-line infield, inadequate reserve strength (except for outfield). With departure of Shortstop Roy McMillan and Second Baseman Billy Mauer through trades,

infield will be almost completely revamped. Gordy Coleman has had only half a year of major league experience at first base, has yet to prove himself. Second base belongs to 30-year-old rookie Jim Bower or disappointing holdover Elio Chacon. Veteran Eddie Kasko played 35 games at second a year ago, another 86 at third. He's now the shortstop, where he played only 15 games in 1960. Hard-hitting, poor-defending Gene Freese is at third.

THE BIG IPS

The young pitchers. Except for Purkey, Red starters are kids: Jim O'Toole (24), Jay Hook (24), Joey Jay (25), Jim Maloney (20). This quartet started 83 NL games among them last year, won only 34, and they won't be helped this year by the shaky infield. But they are a talented group; if they come through en masse, Manager Fred Hutchinson will have a fine-division club.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Trades brought Jay from Milwaukee and Freese from the White Sox. Jay, a perennial disappointment with Milwaukee, must im-

prove his control. Rookie Jim Bower (29) at Salt Lake is a 30-year veteran in the minors, only major league experience was eight games for White Sox in 1960. Second-string catcher are rookies Jerry Zimmerman and Hal Bevan, who shared duties at Seattle last season.

OUTLOOK

Since third-place, 91-victory year in 1956, Reds have fallen lower and lower (sixth, 67 victories last season). It's unlikely they'll fall any lower, just as unlikely they'll go any higher.

1960 TEAM PERFORMANCE

PLAYER	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1	63	81	76

1960 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	AT BATTING
Robinson .297	Purkey 17.01
Rayo .292	O'Toole 12.01
Pinson .287	Hook 10.38
HOMERUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
Berman 31	Berman 83
Pinson 28	Freese 79
Paul 18	Bell 62

SWEAT AND BB GUNS

Fred Hutchinson had his Redlegs sweating this spring. They ran, did push-ups, ran some more, worked on fundamentals, did more running and even went to night school. Hutchinson's reasoning was simple. The Reds last year were a dead team. They finished sixth—comfortably, if they finish sixth again this season, as far as Hutchinson is concerned, they will do it uncomfortably.

The running that took place at the end of each practice was enough to drop a tough marine. In spring training running usually consists of a friendly jog of perhaps 50 yards across the outfield, then a leisurely walk back over the same course. Generally, the players are left to themselves: they decide when they have run enough. But at Tampa Jim Turner, the old Yankee pitching coach, stood beside

the outfield fence, a counting device in his hand, his cool blue eyes surveying the drooping athletes. When some of them cut the length of the course from, say, 50 yards to 30, old Jim told them to stretch it out again. When one of them insisted that the 20 laps he was supposed to run had been completed, old Jim just smiled and said that his indicator had registered only 17. When the running was finally over and the exhausted athletes walked to the clubhouse 100 yards



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EDDIE KASKO



FRANK ROBINSON



BOB PURKEY



EARL ROBINSON

CINCINNATI continued

away, they looked as if they would never make it.

The night school was closed to the press. Hutchinson showed films and drew diagrams on a blackboard. The films were of the players hitting or pitching and were shown in slow motion. The diagrams showed pickoff plays, backing-up plays and rundowns. Classes lasted about an hour and were held several times a week.

There was one other drill at the Reds' camp. Down in the right-field corner the players had target practice every day with BB guns. A Lucky McDaniel instructor (SI, Oct. 20, 1958) named John Hughes was there to show the boys how to hit small objects that he tossed in the air. The Redlegs even assigned a coach to load the guns. "The object of all this," Hughes said, "is for the boys to correlate their attempts to hit my targets with their attempts to hit baseballs." He took a disc with a hole in the middle, stuffed a little wad of paper into the hole and tossed it in the air. Wally Post missed his first try, then hit six in a row, and on the eighth shot knocked out the wadding. The first target the Reds used was a baseball. Then they tried discs and even pennies. Some became so proficient that they were able to hit BBs.

"I'm trying to get the players to concentrate on their target, whether it's a baseball or disc," said Hughes. "I have the boys shoot with both eyes open, and I teach them that they should think of the gun or bat as merely a working member of their body."

"Look at that kid batting now. That's Fred Hopke. We discovered his sighting eye was his left one. He bats lefty, and we found that when he took his stance his nose actually impaired his left-eye's view of the ball. We figured he might do better if he turned his head more toward the pitcher. I know all this sounds odd, but this gets his nose out of the way and he can see better." Just then Hopke lined a long drive to right center, and John Hughes smiled.

Even an established hitter like Vada Pinson seemed to be sold on the merits of the BB gun drills. "My best year was 1959, and that was the year we had a week of this shooting in spring training. Last year I bought a little gun and worked out myself, but that's not as good as when you have someone helping you. These drills teach you to concentrate, and they help you to pick up the ball faster. Learning to do those things isn't going to hurt any batter." Some of the pitchers said it helped them, too. Bob Purkey said, "Sometimes a pitcher gets out there and just throws without concentrating completely on his target. I've done it." He went through a haphazard and abbreviated pitching motion. "These drills help me concentrate. You can't hit the spots if you aren't concentrating. That's the difference between a thrower and a pitcher—concentration."

The BB guns' finest moment came one day in batting practice. First Baseman Gordon Coleman swung and missed badly on the first two pitches to him. Batting Coach Dick Sider growled, "Think of those BB guns!" Coleman hit the next five pitches over the fence.

THE FRONT OFFICE

The late Posse Croxley, owner of the Reds for 27 years before his death last week, had a saying: "Millions are monomony unless put to work." Croxley, brought into baseball by Larry MacPhail in 1934 at the suggestion of club publicity man James (Scotty) Keeton, non-chief of *The New York Times'* Washington bureau, put his money to work successfully in industry (cars, refrigerators, radios, etc.) but had only sporadic luck in baseball (Reds have not won pennant since 1940). Croxley's will left the club to a nonprofit, charitable foundation, with the wish that the Reds be kept in Cincinnati. The baseball operation is run by Bill DeWitt, who became general manager last fall after Gabe Paul left to join the National League's newest Houston Colts. DeWitt, 58, brings to Reds 45 years of baseball experience.

THE BALL PARK

Croxley Field (50,274 capacity) is unofficial National League park, but it has no claims to permanence (no other park has had a ballplayer row a boat over its center-field fence like Gussie Grissom did it when the Ohio River flooded in 1937), and the first major league night game was played here in 1935. Field is near Union Terminal, draws large out-of-state audience, especially from the South. New expressway runs to within few blocks of park. Parking near field approved 15,000 spaces. Refreshments include briswurst, meat 'n' nest, fried shrimp and 16-ounce lemonade (Cincinnati leads league in lemonade sales). Disputes are air-conditioned team lounge also has best. New screen on left keeps homers from landing in parking between ball park and adjacent laundry. No more will try go up as well-lighted ball leaves stadium: "It's over the laundry!"



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CHICAGO CUBS

In revolt against Cubs' futility, Phil Wrigley beefed up his coaching staff, dispensed with his manager. Some live hitters and pitchers would help this team more



ANALYSIS OF THE CUBS

STRONG POINTS

There are just three: Ernie Banks, one good starting pitcher, one good reliever. Banks batted more than 40 homers and 100 RBIs in five of his six seasons. No American in field, he nevertheless handles everything he gets to, throws well to first. Adequate fielding and superstition bring add-up to best shortstop in major league history after Honus Wagner. Best of Cub power until what it was three years ago (when it was first in NL in homers, second in runs scored), but still a club asset. Frank Thomas, now a low-average batter, remains consistent home run hitter; Ron Santo hit nine homers in 1966 season (rookie and Cubs expect many more. Right-handed talent Hobbes slugged both in NL in complete games and shutouts, won 16 times. Dave Egan has relieved 10 times

three straight seasons, kept ERA around 3.40 mark.

WEAK SPOTS

Other pitchers, catching, lack of high-average hitters. Cub staff as whole gave up 80 runs more than any other in NL. There are no significant additions to staff this year, and gap in quality between Hobbes and other starters, Egan and other relievers, is likely to grow. Sam Taylor catches adequately, throws poorly, can't hit. Top Cub hitting average last year was Rikkye Ashburn's .261. Banks was second at .271. Most averages were below .250.

THE BIG IF'S

The novel coaching staff (see page 48). Everyone will be watching to see whether it

makes sense or devolves into a farce. Perennial question marks are Dick Drott and Moe Drabowsky. 1977 seasons who have been so-called over since. Dodger drafted then Zimmerman played well at second during last half of '66 and in spring training. New school of young and 1976 starting status may bring more improvement.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Last spring's rookie sensation was Right Fielder Lou Johnson. This year it was Right Fielder Billy Williams, who Cubs hope will fare better than Johnson (.256 in 34 games). Al Horne, 33-year-old rookie, who joined Cubs last July after six straight seasons with Sacramento, is fast runner, fine outfielder. Only new pitcher expected to make impact is Mel Wright, 31-year-old two-time loser with Cardinals. Wright had good year with Phillies, may be set up undermanned bullpen

EASYGOING ERNIE BANKS

While his teammates warmed up in conventional style, Ernie Banks got ready for the day's game in his own manner: a little jogging, a little juggling and a lot of standing. Banks and rookie third-batter Billy Williams took one ball and no hit into deep center field. Williams played catcher while Banks played at pitcher, especially pitching with men on base. First a long, languid stretch. Then a subtle peek over the shoulder at the imaginary base runners. Finally a slow, high kick and three-quarter turn, and a loose-armed delivery. Off Ernest Banks of Dallas, no one ever got a hit.

Banks has a special exercise which he does off and on throughout practice. He

bends over at the waist and touches his fingertips half a dozen times to the grass in front of his toes. Then he straightens up, hands on the back of his hips and stretches chest and shoulders backward. The whole thing lasts about 10 seconds, and may be repeated 10 times in 10 different places. It is doubtless more reflex than conscious effort, like Berna's pendulum sweep of the bat or Colavito's shoulder contortions and constant checking of the back of the cap.

When Banks is in the dugout he is often apart and introspective, silently watching the activity on the field. One day a visitor asked him how the new American League teams would fare.

"I think they'll do very well," Banks said, turning toward the questioner. "Don't you?"

"Well, I . . . uh . . . well, so, I don't," Banks' eyes widened a bit, and he said, "'You don't? I don't see why they shouldn't be good. Look at the ballplayers—they've got. There's some real good ones on both these clubs." He wagged his head and grimaced at the thought of all that talent on the Los Angeles Angels and the Washington Senators.

The visitor hesitated, then pushed on. "Come on, Ernie, these guys are the players the other clubs didn't want. How can they possibly be as good? Look at their records."



GLEN HOOPER



ERNE BANKS

OUTLOOK

To improve, Cubs need much better pitching, more men on base ahead of sluggers. Despite admirable efforts of new coaching board, they figure to get neither, and will again battle Phils for seventh place.

1950 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
7	80	94	25

1950 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE

BATTING	AT BATS	HITS	AVG.
Adrian	296	100	.338
Banks	275	100	.364
Kline	256	88	.344

TEAM RECORD	WINS	LOSSES	PERCENTAGE
Adrian	40	117	.256
Thames	21	64	.244
Kline	13	53	.244

Banks smiled tolerantly. "Records," said the man with a set of the best, "don't mean much. These fellows can all play baseball. A lot of them just haven't had a chance. They might be just as good as the big names who get all the publicity."

The visitor sat silently for a minute thinking over what Banks had said, then wriggled on the bench and asked in desperation, "You don't really believe that, do you? I mean there's no comparison between the Angels and Senators and the other teams. Why, look at—look at the records. That's all you can go by in baseball."

Banks laughed and wagged his bat

THE FRONT OFFICE

Gum and baseball enterprises are kept apart by Philip Kravitz Wrigley, president of the Cubs, who nevertheless keeps a firm hand on both. Wrigley busies himself with future planning, leaves immediate problems to Vice-President John Holland (Wrigley dislikes term "general manager"). Holland, who usually associates freely with players, often joins in card games or road trips. Banjo-playing Charlie Grimm, three times Cub manager (twice in 1932 and 1935) and a member of this spring's novel coaching staff, is another VP, is regarded as closest of front-office men to Wrigley. Formerly sluggish faith network is improving under Gene Lasing. After years of insouciantly scoring bonus players, Cubs have switched tactics, are spending oodles for youngsters, are hopefully awaiting the rewards.

THE BALL PARK

Wrigley Field (16,715 capacity) is only big league park without right baseball. Red brick wall runs around playing field, and ivy grows on outfield walls (wreath Cub Outfielder Lou Novloff thought it was poison ivy, but critics said he was just wall-city). On Chicago's Near North Side, in neighborhood that is residential for most part, park is convenient to public transportation: 100 minutes by el from Loop, 25 minutes by bus. Parking is poor; most drivers leave cars at least six to eight blocks away. Moving-belt speedwalks run from street level to grandstand and upper deck. Andy Flinn (when are capable, expect no tips. Park remodeled last year (\$500,000 for new seats, new home dressing rooms, enlarged visitors' quarters). Unofficial attendance: understated crowd on top floors of neighboring four-story apartment buildings.



MIKE ASHBURN



RON SANTO

toward the diamond. "Baseball is a fascinating game," he said grimly, "really fascinating. There's so much to it. And the records don't mean much at all."

"That's right, Ernie," someone said. "If you batted .210 and hit two home runs this year, people might forget about you."

Banks nodded placidly at this shocking hypothesis. "In baseball," he said, "it's not what did you do for me yesterday that counts, it's what are you doing for me today." He slid off the dugout bench and began doing live mouse, with fife, absent-minded grace. Today, one felt, would be as good as yesterday, and so would tomorrow for Ernie Banks.

PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

Young men have their days, but in Philly they spell it with a "ze" at the end. Some young Phils are big leaguers, others might be some day; this will be a long year for all.



ANALYSIS OF THE PHILS

STRONG POINTS

Relief pitcher Dick Farrell and the right side of the infield look good. Fast-baller Farrell, a failure in 1959, regained his effectiveness in 1960, with 16 games in relief, saved 12 others. First Baseman Pancha Herrera is 6 feet 3 inches, 220 pounds, a flop as an infielder in previous trials, settled down at first base, batted .281, hit 17 home runs and drove in 71 runs. Herrera's sidekick—both on the field and off—Second Baseman Tony Taylor, a fine fielder, steady hitter (.284) and a flash on the bases (28 steals).

WEAK SPOTS

Pitching and hitting. Biggest winner for the Phils in 1960 was Robert Roberts with 12 victories—but he lost 16. With the exception of Dick Farrell, no one else on the staff

was in double figures. The pitchers' troubles were partly caused by a woeful lack of hitting that in league is hits, home runs, runs scored. Typical was the plight of John Burkhardt, a young right-hander with some promise (.337 ERA). Philly hitters could score only 25 runs in the 16 games he lost.

THE BIG IF'S

Since John Quinn became general manager 27 months ago, Phils have concentrated on young players. Quinn's first dividend of talent will show up in the outfield—maybe this year, maybe next. Outfielder John Coleman, obtained from White Sox in a trade of December 1959, was called a "SABR man" prospect in the Sox spring camp three springs ago, is young (22), still has tremendous potential. Sportsman Tony

Gonzalez, Robby Gatto Smith and Ken Walters looked good in the field last year, promising a hit. Another youngster, Art Mahaffey, a big, strong right-handed pitcher, came up to Phils in July, had 7-3 record to end of season, with impressive 2.52 ERA. Quinn is counting on him to pitch that well over an entire season.

BOONIES AND NEW FACES

Big 66-foot-7½ Frank Sullivan came over to the Phils from Boston after disastrous season. By evening his first full season, he hopes to become a winner again. Rookie Ted Savage is a young outfielder with good credentials (.284, 40 stolen bases at Williamsport). With much hitting held over from Arizona (.291), Les Wells (.221), Bob Mullen (1.311) and Joe Koppe (.171) as their only competition on the left side of the infield, rookie Shortstop Bob Wine and rookie

A PAIR OF PROUD PHILLIES

While the Phillies were taking batting practice Manager Gene Mauch stood on the infield dirt between first and second. Suddenly a hard grounder zipped by. Mauch, an ex-infielder who spent most of his career in the minors, took a quick, instinctive step to his right and made the stop bare-handed. It must have stung, but Mauch didn't even look at his hand. Perhaps the manager of an eighth-place club feels that he has to put up a brave front. Perhaps he feels no pain.

Near the end of the workout Mauch watched Coach Al Vincent run the players through a back-and-forth drill. This is a simple exercise in which the coach rolls the ball first on one side of the player

and then the other. The player retrieves and returns it. When Vincent ran out of customers, Mauch said to him, "Lemme have a couple."

Vincent rolled the ball to his left. Mauch jogged over, retrieved it and lobbed it back. Then, possibly out of mock deference to Mauch's age (35), Vincent asked, "Should I bounce 'em so you won't have to bend so far?"

"I can get down," protested Mauch, a man of pride. And so it went: left, right, left, up, down, up. When Mauch was grooved in this routine, Vincent carefully rolled the ball to it went between Mauch's legs.

"You son of a gun," Mauch said. He

fielded two more grounders before going to the clubhouse.

There he sat atop a wooden desk in his cubicle, his spikes strapping across the seat of the metal chair in front of him, and lit a cigarette. A newspaperman asked a question. Mauch took a long drag on his cigarette before he answered. "Are we better?" Mauch said. "All I can tell you is that we're a year older, so we should be a year smarter." Then, after searching for something to be optimistic about, Mauch added, "There's a lot of talent out there, especially in the outfield."

"It's hard to say. You take a pitcher like this kid Marcelino Lopez. He's something. Last year at a 17-year-old he had



TONY TAYLOR



PASCHO HERRERA



TONY GONZALEZ



THE FRONT OFFICE

Robert Ralph Morgan Carpenter Jr., a Da Penn of Philadelphia (not his mother's side), played *Amateur* in Philly, was president of Phillies at 25 in 1949. General Ball, job by his father who bought it in 1943 when Judge Landis kicked him out of William Venable of baseball from being owner's Phil. Carpenter has avoided stamp-out in operation of club, instead by deferring much authority to General Manager John Quinn. Quinn became GM in 1949 after 14 years with Phillies (17 first seven strikes, three pennants, five track, four titles). Short league outlook is improving under Farm Director Gene Martin and Chief Scout Ray Kolpakoff, though top prospects are still a couple of years away. Organization immediately new that Carpenter has accepted fact that White Sox era (1968 pennant) is over.

THE BALL PARK

For many winters, Phillies have talked of playing in another part of Philadelphia or even in neighboring New Jersey. But this year, as it became 1968 season club moved from City Baker Bowl, team will use 33,000-capacity Lincoln Financial Field stadium (Shibe Park) a 20-minute drive from center of city (Philadelphia) since parking is built, 100 minutes longer by bus. Stadium got needed refurbishing in 1955 when Phil took it over after Athletics moved to Kansas City, is clean, well painted. Usher like tips, but don't pass for them. Specialties of the home: home stadium, new sandwiches. No No-hitter sold, but many fans bring it to park. Popcorn is served in cardboard containers, which transfer into megaphones when empty. Philadelphia birds are most in the league, according to players use their feet against ballfield outfielders.

Third baseman Bob Knepper has an excellent chance to make the team.

OUTLOOK

At least the Phillies are trying. This should take the ones off another dismal year.

1968 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
8	55	35	36

1968 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	PITCHING
Taylor .264	Roberts 17-16
Powers .261	Farrall 10-6
Gonzalez .254	Mattley 7-1
HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
Herrera 17	Berens 21
Del Gaudio 18	Gonzalez 41
Lefebvre 9	Coyne 44
Gonzalez 9	

a real good record in his first try at organized ball. [With Tampa he struck out 221 batters in 190 innings and led the Florida State League with a 2.33 ERA]. Who knows, the kid's just liable to make the team."

Someone asked March how old he was when he made the majors. "I never really made it," he replied. Under prodding, March admitted he was 18 when he broke in with the Dodgers. "That was one of the few mistakes Leo Durocher ever made," he said.

Frank Sullivan, who was traded from the Boston Red Sox to the Phillies last December, knows the meaning of both least

and Sarine. In 1955 he had an 18-13 record, a 2.91 ERA and was an All-Star Game pitcher. Last season he won only six, lost 16. "It's not so much that you mind losing," he said, "as it is that you mind not winning. Into a winning situation I could bowl, I thought about baseball all winter. This year has got to be it. I just hope that if I make good for Philadelphia that the fans in Boston won't think I wasn't trying for them. I gave them all I had. I just wish I knew what I was doing wrong. Those fans were wonderful. They were even nice to me when I was losing. You can't ask for anything more. But six and 16," he murmured as he shook his head, "it's hard to believe."

NEW YORK YANKEES

Gone from the Yanks is Casey Stengel, the master manager. This year Ralph Houk, a comparative child, shall lead them. Team is strong, so it should be pleasant work



ANALYSIS OF THE YANKEES

STRONG POINTS

The Yankees have power hitting, good defense and front-line pitching. They hit 193 home runs last season (a league record), 70 more than second-place Baltimore. Big gun Mickey Maric (40 HRs) was poised hand by Roger Maris (39 HRs). Behind them were Moose Skowron with 26, Yogi Berra, 15, and Tony Kubek and Elton Hayes, 14 each. Elton Howard and Hector Lopez, relatively dormant last season, also are capable of destruction. Yankee defense, sometimes overlooked, is one of best. Infield of Skowron, Bobby Richardson, Kubek and Boyer top-rate. Mantle and Merv outstanding outfielders. Howard, line catcher with a strong arm, will get more work under new manager Ralph Houk. Starting five pitchers—Whitey Ford, Art Ditmar, Ralph Terry, Bob Turley

and Bill Stafford—are talented enough to make any manager smile.

WEAK SPOTS

Secondary pitching, relief pitching, bench. Jim Coates' 4.29 ERA and his ineffectiveness late in season may be sign of troubles ahead. Last Amaro was sharp in spots last year, but cannot be regarded as day-in, day-out snapper. Eli Gribb and Bobby Shantz were lost in the expansion draft. So were Bob Feltz and Duke Long, two powerful punch hitters. And Gil McDougald, the versatile infielder, retired. So Yankee bench, always strong in past, is only ordinary now.

THE BIG UPS

The new manager, Ralph Houk. If there is truly no trick to managing a team like the

Yankees to a pennant, in some argue, then Houk is home free. But if that craggy and wonderful old man, Casey Stengel, was a genius, if something in the way he walked or rolled his arms from the top step of the dug-out inspired the Yankees to 10 pennants, then Houk may have problems. He has the team. The big question is whether he can make it go.

NOOBIES AND NEW FACES

Top prospect is Bonas Fisher Roland Sheldon. He was 15-1 in Class D last year, was best Yankee pitcher this spring. Yankees will try Deron Johnson at third or first. Jesse Gonder, a catcher, has a sweet left-handed swing and may be kept in bench strength. Danny McDevitt, the ex-Dodger, and Bill Short, who had a brief trial with Yanks last year, should fill out the pitching staff. Both are liars.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Everyone remembers the ground ball hit by Bill Virdon that bounced crazily up into Tony Kubek's Adam's apple in the final game of last year's World Series. Joe DeMaestri, a utility Yankee infielder, was explaining how close he had come to taking Kubek's place minutes before the accident.

"Casey came to me during the top of the seventh inning," DeMaestri said. "He said to get ready because I was going in for Tony. Tony was going to take over left field from Yogi. Then the inning ended and Casey changed his mind. He wanted to keep Yogi in the game in case we needed some more runs. So Tony stayed at short and I sat down."

A New York newspaperman asked DeMaestri what he thinks would have happened if he had been playing instead of Kubek.

"Tony asked me the same question," said DeMaestri. "He asked me how I would have played the ball. I told him it probably would have nailed me right between the eyes."

"You could have been unlucky than that," said another sportswriter. "The ball could have bounced off your shoulder. Then you would have looked like a bum because you wouldn't have been hurt and no one would have felt sorry for you."

"I never thought of it that way," said

DeMaestri. "Wouldn't that have been awful?"

Whitey Ford said, "Sometimes it's better to surprise a batter by pitching to his strength than trying to throw to his weakness. I remember we were playing the Red Sox last year. The score was something like 2-1, the Red Sox had a man on first, nobody out. I got Rannels on an infield out and Ted Williams came up. I worked the count to two balls and a strike and shook off a couple of signs. Finally I got what I wanted—a fast ball right down the middle. I threw it, and Ted was so surprised he took a sort of double hitch with his bat and finally hit



OUTLOOK

A bet against the Yankees, without proper odds, would be wasted money. This team is loaded in a league without much competition. The only thing that might hurt them is their unaccustomed lack of depth.

1990 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1	W	L	

1990 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING		PITCHING	
Sloneen	.329	Ditmar	15-9
Topping	.294	Crabbs	11-1
MacPhail	.283	Ford	12-9
TEAM HITS		TEAM BATTED IN	
Ryan	43	Walt	112
Sloneen	38	Mantle	94
MacPhail	26	Sloneen	91

a weak one-hopper directly to Richardson and we got a double play."

Ford grinned.

"Every time I see him, he says something about that pitch," he said. "I've got him out quite a few times, but that's the pitch he remembers. I don't think I'd throw it to him again if he were still in the league, but he would never be sure. The same is true of the other good hitters in the league. If you pitch to their strength when they least expect it, you create a little doubt in their minds. They never know what's coming."

Johnny Sain, the Yankee pitching coach, added that the single most important



TONY RUBECK



ROGER MAYS



BILL SKOWRON



ART DITMAR

THE FRONT OFFICE

Cos-owners Dan Topping and Del Webb own Yankees in partnership. Webb has huge contracting business, mostly in Southwest and Far West. Topping, a spokesman-sociologist, inherited wealth. Webb, Topping and Larry MacPhail bought Yanks in 1945 for \$2.6 million. In 1947 MacPhail sold his third to the other two for 2 million. Club's value now, estimated at well over 50 million. Topping takes more prominent place in administration of club now that General Manager George Mays and Field Manager Casey Stengel have "retired." Veteran baseball transfer Roy Hensley (Pitcher, Phils, Yanks) takes over Webb's GM chair. Most pressing problem: re-establishing high quality of scouting staff, which was severely damaged in recent years by deaths of veterans Paul Kruttschnitt, Bill Skubic, Joe Devine.

THE BALL PARK

Yankee Stadium, a massive triple-deck 57,000-seat park, is situated in The Bronx 50 miles north of 42nd Street. "The House That Ruth Built," with its short foul lines, has been kind to Yankee power hitters. 109 times have American Leaguers hit 400 more home runs in one season; 15 of these have been by Yankees; and club has won 23 pennants since taking residence in 1923. In deep center field are monuments to Yankee heroes of the past; Shogers Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, Manager Miller Huggins, Owner Jake Ruppert. Stadium Club serves dinner, drinks before game to season ticket holders. Ushers and waiters are assistant, most aggressive in majors (just try to get away without tipping a stadium usher!). Sidways crowded, fast) are best way to get there. Buses, taxis, private cars get jammed in traffic whenever there is a sizable crowd.

thing a pitcher must have is the ability to remain calm under pressure.

"Say you're driving your car and the motor stalls at a busy intersection during the rush hour," he said. "Lots of people get so excited with everyone honking at them that they even forget how to get the motor started again. They lose all their poise and most of their coordination. Well, that kind of pressure and tension happens to a major league pitcher more often in one ball game than it happens to most people in a lifetime. If he can't control himself and the situation, he can't be a major league pitcher. There's lots of fine pitchers with great arms who never made the majors and that's why."

BALTIMORE ORIOLES

Paul Richards maneuvers his young Orioles with a magician's hand. In 1960 he almost came up with a pennant, but he'll be hard pressed to do as well this year



ANALYSIS OF THE ORIOLES

STRONG POINTS

The Orioles have superb pitchers and infielders and a hard-hitting catcher. Six of the pitchers qualify as solid starters. Steve Barber (10-7), the only left-hander in the group, relies on a burning fast ball. Hal Brown (12-5) had the best ERA (3.06), superb control (134 walks per game). Chuck Estrada (18-11) has excellent variety, keeps hitters jumping with occasional pitches that nose in near their rib cages. Jack Fisher has most "stuff." Mike Pappas (15-11) uses both fast ball and slider, is trying curve and change. Jerry Walker (3-4) is only one of the half dozen who didn't win in double figures; he's more of a spot pitcher than others. Infielders are both good field and good hit. Jim Gentile at first, Mary Breeding at second, Ron Hansen at short,

Brooks Robinson at third, last year hit 60 home runs, drove in 315 runs. Catcher Gus Triandos is a genuine power hitter, a dependable receiver.

WEAK SPOTS

Mediocre hitting by outfielders, which was accentuated by loss of Gene Woodling in expansion draft. Center Fielder Jackie Brandt, the only sure regular, had best personal record last year for home runs (15) and RBIs (65), but went for average (.254).

THE BIG IF

Extreme youth, the bullpen. As desirable as it is to have good young players, a superabundance may be injurious—Barber, Fisher, Pappas and Walker are each 22, Estrada, Robinson and Hansen 23. At the other end

of the calendar is reliever Hoyt Wilhelm (37), oldest of the pitchers. Also available in the bullpen will be Gordon Jones, Billy Hoelt and Wes Stock. Hoelt's arm is sound again. He is one of the team's two lefthanders, may have to be used as a spot starter.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Whitney Herzog and Russ Snyder were obtained from Kansas City. Neither is a distinguished liner or outfielder but both will be used extensively. Catcher Hank Foote, drafted from Detroit organization, will provide flexible relief for Triandos. Rookie Infielder Jerry Adair and rookie Outfielder Earl Robinson (.275 with Spokane) have the best chances of making the squad.

OUTLOOK

The Orioles jelled in a hurry last year (three of the regular infielders and the team's best

CHUCK, BROOKS AND FLAKEY

In the coffee shop of the Hotel McAllister in Miami, where the youthful Baltimore Orioles trained, Pitchers Steve Barber and Chuck Estrada sat at a counter having breakfast. "I'll have orange juice, cereal and two fried eggs," said Estrada, 23, to the waitress. "Orange juice and two fried eggs for me," said Barber, a hard-throwing left-hander, 22.

"Coffee," the waitress asked. "Milk for me," said Barber. "I'll have coffee," said Estrada. He winked at Barber. "This is a new year. I'm grown up."

In hotel lobbies and bus rides to games, in coffee lounges and dugout sessions, the Orioles talk about last season, when

they finished a surprising second. Almost always, they end up talking about a series in September against the Yankees in New York, for there, in four ball games, the Orioles lost the pennant. They were .001 out of first place when the series started; then they lost all four games. The rest of the season didn't matter.

Every time the Orioles looked up during the four games, there was a base hit dropping in, a Yankee runner on base. Ground balls passed inches from fielders' hands, fly balls were snagged and lost because of youthful over eagerness.

"We thought we were going to win it," Brooks Robinson said this spring. Brooks Robinson is 23. He was the third

most valuable player in the league last year. He is young, and the memory of September doesn't depress him.

"We grew up then," he said. There was conviction in his voice. When the Yankees and the Orioles meet in their final games against each other this September, Brooks Robinson will be 24. Maybe he'll be *more* valuable player this time. Maybe this will be a glad September.

As Baltimore Outfielder Jackie Brandt stepped into the dugout he said to a newspaperman, "Hi there, Flakey."

"How's tricks, Flakey?" came the quick response.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX

Bill Veack shoots off fireworks in Comiskey Park, and his White Sox are skyrockets on the bases. But they are an old team, and their age is starting to show



ANALYSIS OF THE WHITE SOX

STRONG POINTS

Primarily, good balance: the White Sox have a full cupboard of hitters, fielders, pitchers. In their single best years, Earl Wynn won 23, Herb Score 20, Billy Pierce 26; Cal McLish 19; Larry Stanley 19, Bob Shaw 18 and Frank Baumann 35. All but Stanley can start. Score, Pierce, Baumann are lefties, the others righty, so Manager Al Lopez can juggle his pitchers according to opponents. Top hitters are Nellie Fox, Roy Sievers, Al Smith. Minus: Minors. Last two each hit over .300 last year, last three drove in 280 runs among them. Sievers brilliant hitting and base running from Shortstop Luis Aparicio and Center Fielder Joe Judge. The pair of them stole 74 bases last year, more than any other American League team did.

WEAK SPOTS

White Sox are old. They became an old team last year after they traded two fine young catchers, Earl Roney and John Romano, for two aging hitters, Sievers and Minoso, in gamble for second straight pennant. Now they are left with a collection of old men. Roll call: Sherm Lollar, 36; Eric, 33; Sievers, 36; Minoso, 37; Smith, 33. Pitchers Wynn, Stanley, McLish and Pierce are 41, 40, 35, 34. Utility men Earl Torgerson, Billy Goodman, Joe Rivetti are 37, 35, 36. When the hot days come, the aging Sox may find that the run from home to first takes a depressingly long time.

THE BIG IF

Cal McLish won 16 games in the American League in 1958, 19 the next year. Then he

was traded to the National League, and he won only four. Now, back in the American, under the wing-hand of Manager Lopez, a return to form by McLish would help the White Sox enormously. Herb Score has been an if for four seasons now. But when a man has as much speed as Score has and is still young (26), it makes sense to assume that he can stay young.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Breider McLish, an old new face, there is Juan Pizarro, the ex-Milwaukee pitching puzzle, and J. C. Martin, a 24-year-old rookie third baseman. Pizarro, a left-hander, was at times brilliant with the Braves, but more often he would lapse into a moody indifference. Martin is 6 feet 3 and bats left-handed—last year he hit .263 at San Diego. He's the third baseman, mostly because there's no one else to play there.

AN AGING PLUS

Manager Al Lopez sat in the dugout out of the sun and said, "I'll tell you one reason we decided to get Juan Pizarro from Milwaukee. He had a plus factor. That's a measuring rod we use to rate a pitcher, especially if we haven't seen him pitch much. It comes in handy in a case like Pizarro, who spent all his time in the National League."

Lopez opened a record book. "Now let's see. Last year Pizarro pitched 115 innings and gave up 105 hits. Subtract the hits from the innings and he gets a plus-10. He walked 72 men and struck out 88. That's a plus-16 and a total of plus-26. We consider that more of a guide than his 6-7 record last year."

Lopez turned to Bob Shaw's record. "Shaw was 18-6 in 1959. He had a plus-49. Last year he was 13-13. He was minus-44. It works with just about everybody except Earl Wynn. He is always plus, good year or bad. But then there's only one Wynn."

Pizarro is 24 and has enough good stuff in his pitching repertoire to conquer the world. But in four seasons—or part-seasons—with the Milwaukee Braves, he never hit it big. Roy Sievers and Lopez were talking about him behind the batting cage one day. Sievers said that Del Rice, who used to catch for Milwaukee, told him that Pizarro

had a real good fast ball, but that he was lazy and didn't like to throw it. Lopez said that Len Berdette had told him the same thing, that Pizarro was always jinking around with odd pitches instead of blating the ball in to the batter. But Lopez is a patient man. He said: "We'll give him a little work and then maybe a little hell. We'll have to see what works." Knowing Lopez's genius for finding broken pitchers, such as Frank Baumann last year, young Pizarro could be a valuable extra starter for the old White Sox.

Bill Veack's explosive scoreboard will be setting off its rockets, sirens and



OUTLOOK

The White Sox will be a contender. It is reasonable to suppose they will take an early lead in the race. But later, they will be struggling to hold on. If they start slowly they could collapse into the second division.

1988 TEAM PERFORMANCE

POSSESS	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
5	87	87	15

1988 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE

BATTING	FIELDING
Smith .315	Prince 16.7
Blanco .311	Reuter 15.6
Stevens .295	Plato 13.12

HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
Stevens 28	Blanco 109
Blanco 28	Stevens 91
Smith 12	Smith 72

whistles again this season, waking up the neighbors around Comiskey Park whenever a White Sox player hits a home run. The board erupted 58 times last year, 57 times for home runs and once by error. (The trigger man lost sight of a long drive, thought it had gone over the fence for a home run and pushed the firing button just as the ball was caught.) Minnie Minoso set the board off the first time, and Roy Stevens the last.

The board provoked considerable resentment from rival players, especially the day it went through two cycles of explosions for only one home run. But there were only two cases of ven-



SHERM LOLLAR



MINNIE MINOSO



AL SMITH



ROY STEVENS

THE FRONT OFFICE

Enthusiasm and a sport shirt are President Bill Veeck's trademarks. His father was once president of the Chicago Cubs. At age 11 Bill was a Cub office boy; at 27 he was treasurer. He owned the Cleveland Indians (1946-49) and St. Louis Browns (1951-53), led syndicate (including Hank Greenberg) that bought 24% of the White Sox stock from Danontology. Comiskey. Kenney in 1958. Brother Chuck Comiskey still holds other 40%, which Veeck & Co. would dearly like to obtain. Greenberg is the vice-president and treasurer and handles, with Veeck, the duties of a general manager. Hank, named to the Hall of Fame in 1956, was general manager of Cleveland Indians from 1950 through 1957. He and Veeck are close friends, work together well. The latter's opinion is run by capable Glen Miller.

THE BALL PARK

Comiskey Park (46,550 capacity) was big, unattractive stadium in run-down section of town when Bill Veeck took over ball club before 1979 season. Urban renewal, including construction of superhighway a few blocks from park, has cleaned out much of neighboring slums; stadium has been painted inside and out in fresh-looking white on the outside. About 3 1/2 miles due south of The Loop, 20 minutes by car (faster, if you know shortcuts), 20 to 25 by bus, seven to nine minutes by subway and if intercept you walk 3/4 mile from d stop. Parking utilizes private lots in neighborhood, totals about 5,000 spaces. Easier for fans to get into and out of park since Veeck surveyed traffic flow, built new ticket booths and entrances. Picnic area under left-field stands. Famous landmark Veeck's spectacular fireworks-shooting scoreboard.

right courtessanack. The Cleveland Indians' Jimmy Piersall, baseball's angry man, hurled a ball at the board after one game. He was scolded immediately after the game by Veeck, who told him, in effect, to "spray bugs, yell at umpires, stand on your head, but leave my board alone."

Casey Stengel, the noted humorist, used a more subtle revenge. One hot June night Mickey Marile hit a home run in Chicago. As he circled the bases, the entire New York Yankee team, led by Stengel, moved to the front of the dug-out and proudly waved holiday sparklers to the crowd. For one of the few times in his life, Bill Veeck was speechless.

CLEVELAND INDIANS

A solid first team, with Jim Piersall promising no more of last year's antics, will make the Indians tough all year long. Injuries, however, would hurt this benchless club



ANALYSIS OF THE INDIANS

STRONG POINTS

Cleveland will field eight regulars shaded in ability and performance only by the Yankees. Infield of Vic Power, Johnny Temple, Woodie Held and Bubba Phillips outstanding both offensively and defensively. Power, porous with first baseman's glove, had .288 BA, drove in 84 runs. Held, out with injuries part of year, hit 21 HRs in only 109 games. Temple, also subpar physically, should rebound after 268 seasons. Phillips, although mediocre with bat, is speedy and able athlete. Outfield stronger than most. Center Fielder Jim Piersall will try to set slower pace on and off field, avoid 1960's late-season slump. In-Guard Willie Kirkland hits with power (.27 HRs in three years). So does Left Fielder Tito Francona, now an established major leaguer after

second solid season (.282, 79 RBIs). John Romano set home run record for Cleveland catchers with 16, hit .272.

WEAK SPOTS

Reserves, second-line pitching. Team has no reserve outfielders with major league experience, and among infielders only journeyman Joe Morgan is dry behind ears. Except for Bobby Locke (.537 ERA), second-line starters are unimpressive: Jim Grant 4.99, Wyna Hawkins 4.23, Barry Lantieri 4.04, Dick Siegan 4.39.

THE BIG UPS

First-line pitching, relief pitching. Only sure winner on staff is lanky Jim Perry, who took 18 games last year, 12 the year before. Gary Bell, who won five of first six in 1960,

developed shoulder back in midseason and is not completely rid of it. He must win big if club is to be serious contender. Johnny Antonelli, acquired from Giants in Kuncio deal, could more than make up for Bell if he can settle down in American League. Big problem for Manager Jimmy Dykes is finding assistance for Reliever Frank Funk, finishing right-hander who last year settled for Cleveland in September (four victories, 3.97 ERA) after recall from Toronto. With Johnny Klemm (32.92 ERA) gone in draft, prospects for help are slim.

ROOMIES AND NEW FACES

Major additions are, of course, Antonelli and Kirkland. Woodie Held will move to third base if Jack Kubiak can hit enough to take over at shortstop. Kubiak, who has good range and an accurate arm, batted .316 at Mobile. Dapper Walter Reed, 6

JAMES J. AND FRANK L.

In a corner of the Cleveland Indians' dressing room was James Joseph Dykes, manager. Dykes sat in the Dykes fashion—legs crossed, right elbow on right knee, right hand supporting large cigar. He also talked in Dykes fashion—short bursts mixed with long sentences, all heavily larded with cuss words and throaty laughter.

"What's Frank Lane doing, Jimmy?" asked a sportswriter. "Maybe he's trying to trade for you. He did it before."

"Yeah," said Dykes, "but he realized what a mistake that was. He got away from me again as quick as he could."

Dykes stood up and began rummaging around in his locker. "I had 15 cigars

in here. I go away for two days, I come back—none there. I think the coaches are taking them and selling them out-rate to the kids."

One of the writers mentioned an 18-year-old bonus pitcher named Sam McDowell the Indians had. "That kid can really throw," he said.

Dykes nodded. "Fast as hell. Other day he threw two wild pitches in one inning. They hit the backstop and came back past the catcher as fast as they'd gone by him. Host Evers got all worried about his wildness. Frank Lane said to Host, 'Why should you worry? I'll give you \$500,000 for him right now.'"

As if on cue, Lane, wearing a yellow

polo shirt and dark glasses, stepped into the room. Dykes grinned. "Well, Frank," he said, "what brings you here?"

Frank Lane smiled at the reporter, turned to Dykes and almost at once started to talk of trades. They mentioned players more often by situation than by name ("that shortstop you got"), and weighed and discarded whole careers in seconds. No trades were made.

Finally Lane said, "Hell, Jimmy. I talk all the time and I never say anything."

Dykes puffed on his cigar and said, "Frank, sometimes that's actually true." They discussed several young Indian



fect A and 228 pounds, is back for another try after years of wandering in circles.

OUTLOOK

If Kell and Antonelli have the years, club could win. If they don't, club won't.

INDO TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
4	24	73	71

INDO INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	ATTEMPTS	
Dunham	254	Perry 38-38
Perry	288	Gray 9-8
Perry	282	Dunham 1-7

INDO RUNS

	Runs	Runs
Held	21	Perry 81
Kirkland	20	Dunham 79
Perry	18	Held 63



JOHNNY ANTONELLI



WODGIE HELD



WILLIE KIRKLAND



JIM PERRY

THE FRONT OFFICE

William Duley, president of this & Co., a Cleveland investment-banking firm, is Indians' largest stockholder (45%) and chairman of the board, but keys man in front office is Vice-president Nate Doherty, who formed syndicate which bought Indians from Bill Aiken in 1949. Doherty runs team, which he was Indians general manager (1955-60), checked with Doherty before signing a trade. Walter (Bloom) Evans, former major league outfielder, did scouting job as first director for three years, is now director of player personnel. Only six teams in Class A (down one from last year), but Indians are Triple-A: Salt Lake City and Toronto. Aken will serve as a sort of general manager (he title itself has been dropped) under Doherty, will work closely with Field Manager Armin Dykes on details of trades.

THE BALL PARK

Metropolitan Stadium (33,511 capacity) on north rim of city, right on the shore of Lake Erie. Half mile (10 minutes by foot, five by bus, a twinkling by car or cab, unless there's traffic jam) from Public Square, the center of town. Parking 57th average for \$3.00 within half mile. Main park downtown, take shuttle bus to game. Several convenient stands have been added, which should relieve marathon quality of trip for schoolbushers at crowded games. Spectators' zone, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th. Entrance band provides live music at all games. Management: drinks, on top for orders. Pleasant picnic dinner parties held beyond the outfield in grassy space between fence and bleachers for companies and social groups, well watched. New, enlarged, message-bearing scoreboard similar to Yankees' is being constructed this year.

players from a purely professional standpoint, with no mention of trades. Then Lane looked at his watch and said, "I have to go, Jimmy." Dykes stood up, put his hand on Lane's arm and walked him slowly to the door.

"It's always good to see you, Frank," Dykes said sincerely.

"Same here, Jimmy." They shook hands and returned to their jobs. Dykes as manager of his sixth major league ball club, Lake as general manager of his fourth.

Johnny Temple, bald and 31 and a major league second baseman five months ago, was now, sat in the Indians' dressing

room and talked about McDowell, the bonus pitcher. "He has fantastic natural ability," Temple said. "But no head, I mean, he has the wrong idea about pitching. He has a great fast ball and a great curve ball—the best curve in camp. But I went over to watch him warm up the other day, and what was he working on? Knucklers, sliders, screwballs—everything but his fast ball and his curve. I said, 'What the devil are you doing?' 'I'm working on my pitches,' he said. 'You got to have six or seven pitches to make the majors.' Can you imagine that? A kid with a fast ball and a curve like that? 'Keep that up,' I told him, 'and you won't have any pitches at all.'"

MINNESOTA TWINS

As the Senators last year, the Twins were one of the most improved teams in the league. Now, with the support of their enthusiastic new Minnesota fans, they may do even better



ANALYSIS OF THE TWINS

STRONG POINTS

With the impetus from a new franchise, two good pitchers, a fine catcher and the prospect of a lot of home runs, the Twins are hopeful Minnesota magic strikes them. Two Cuban right-handers—Carmelo Pascual, who throws the best curve in the league, and Pedro Ramos, fastest runner and hardest worker on team (led league with 36 steals, 274 innings pitched)—will lead a slim staff. Pascual is over arm trouble suffered in scuffle with Boston's Pete Runnels, looks hopefully this year to 20 wins. Catcher Earl Baretz throws well, is aggressive, hit .270, 15 home runs in his first season as a regular, may be top catcher in AL. If Harmon Killebrew put the last part of 1960 and the front end of '61 in one season, he would have had 59 homers. Now

an adequate first baseman ("He found a home," says Manager Cookie Lavagetto), ex-third baseman Killebrew can settle down and concentrate on his hitting. Len Lemon hit 141 homers in five years. Bob Allison 45 in two. The sluggers should enjoy Metropolitan Stadium's short left-field line.

WEAK SPOTS

Pitching depth, bench, defense. After Pascual and Ramos, pitching staff has only junk-buller Chuck Stobbs, youngsters Don Loe, Jack Kralick. Young Don Dobbes and old Elmer Valo are only available left-handed pinch hitters; neither will frighten a righty pitcher caught in a jam. Lemon is not a good fielder, surrounds too many balls. Last year club had worst fielding average in league.

THE BIG IF'S

Until Pascual shows his old form, he has to be considered doubtful, despite firm predictions of good health. Allison was best AL rookie in '59, suffered sophomore jinx in '60. Baseball has known many one-year wonders. Twins hope Bob isn't one of them.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

Twins grabbed Minnesota's 1952 football All-America, Paul Galt, from Pittsburgh system, hope home town will be tonic to spursing career. Rookie Zorro Venzales has exceptional range and arm, is considered a big-league shortstop at 20. He weighs 150 pounds, has with good power for little fellow. Two 22-year-olds, up for a look last year, are back to stay. Left-hander Jim Kaat will be a regular starter. First baseman Don Mincher hit .306 at Charleston, could push Killebrew back to third.

BONIKOWSKI AND THE FUTURE

Joe Bonikowski, a 20-year-old Minnesota farm hand not even on the spring roster, had just pitched against the Pittsburgh Pirates in an exhibition game at Fort Myers. Sweat poured from his forehead and made the fuzzy, little, blond hairs on his face stand out. Only Dick Groat, the National League batting champion, had been able to get a hit off him in the three innings he had pitched.

"I watched Groat on television in the World Series last year," said Bonikowski. "He's tough. I think I fooled him on that pitch—he leaned for it. But he got a hit anyway. Down in Wilson, where I played last year, if you fooled them you had them.

"I got to run my laps now," he said. He ran out along the outfield grass and back three times before stopping. As he wiped the sleeve of his warmup jacket against his forehead he said: "That was Bob Friend running out there. I saw him on television in the Series."

Bonikowski pitched a no-hitter at Greenboro last year. "I walked only one man," he said proudly. "The umpire admitted he missed the call. After the game I celebrated. I had an extra hot dog for supper. That's all we eat down there."

He started to take deep knee bends. "Hey, I'll tell you something," he said abruptly as he came up. "This is a funny

game. There's a guy on our team who was playing professional baseball before I was born. Elmer Valo. That really makes me feel young."

On Friday, April 21, the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul and, indeed, the entire state of Minnesota, will welcome to Metropolitan Stadium the new major league baseball team called the Minnesota Twins, a glimmering butterfly fresh from the cocoon of the old Washington Senators.

For 60 years the old Senators labored through the American League schedule, mostly clinging up the second division with inept players and inept teams.



PEDRO RAMOS



NED ALLISON

OUTLOOK

Twins could do what they couldn't do as Senators last year or any year since 1946: finish in top half of the American League. There's a catch, of course. Top half stretches down to fifth place this season.

1960 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
5	73	81	20

THE INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING		PITCHING	
Green	.294	Shelbo	12.7
Killebrew	.315	Pascual	12.8
Betty	.279	Ramos	11.18
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
Lemon	38	Lemon	100
Killebrew	31	Killebrew	80
Allison	15	Ramos	65
Betty	15		

There were a few bright years—a world championship in 1924, pennants in 1925 and 1933, and a few homes—Walter Johnson, Joe Cronin, George Case, Cecil Travis—but mostly there was sixth place and seventh and eighth.

That legacy of defeat is gone now. There is no past, no Washington. There is only the present and the future. Minnesota farmers and businessmen await the first home run of Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew. Minnesota housewives and schoolboys are ready to wish that Minnesota's first Lemon strikes out and out when he hits one over the wall.

The players know this: "We have a good club," said Manager Cookie

THE FRONT OFFICE

Calvin Griffith is fourth son of Hall of Famer Clark Griffith, learned baseball business from the minor up, became owner of the then Washington Senators when Clark died in 1955, moved club to Minneapolis-St. Paul last fall, cleverly named it the Minnesota Twins to make everybody happy. Sale of radio-TV rights for a reported \$600,000 and an advance ticket sale of over \$1 million gives Griffith—himself a scrambling owner—a ray financial future. The front office is well stocked with Calvin's relatives: brother-in-law Joe Hayes, sister Thelma Hayes, brother Sherry, Billy and Jimmy Robertson. This nepotism, though, has not hurt operational effectiveness, and Sherry Robertson has the Senators' improving farm system in its best shape since it began flourishing in 1947.

THE BALL PARK

Metropolitan Stadium (30,037 capacity) is in suburban Bloomington on Minneapolis side of Mississippi River, but just about equidistant from downtown sections of St. Paul and Minneapolis. A strikingly modern stadium triple-deck cantilever with no posts, no bad seats, it was built in 1956—apparently for New York Giants, who moved instead to San Francisco. Will be increased to 40,104 capacity by September. Huge parking lot holds 34,000 cars. Most fans will come by car—especially those from outlying portions of the state—but bus service is adequate. Left- and left-center-field fences are 330 and 402 feet from home, considerably closer than in Washington's Griffith Stadium, a comforting thought for Twin's long-right-handed sluggers: Killebrew, Lemon, Allison. Club will use Andy Pate's adage: no tipping.



EARL BATTETT

CARLOS PASCUAL



Lavagetto. "We hope they like us."

"I hope I have a good year for these people," said Harmon Killebrew.

"Minnesota is the big leagues," said Joe Roszkowski, the rookie.

"I never see them before," said Carlos Pascual, the pitcher from Havana, Cuba. "Maybe I throw a snowball Opening Day, no?" "Maybe Carlos doesn't throw a snowball Opening Day. Maybe he throws his good fast ball and his fine curves. Maybe he wins 20 games, and the people of Minneapolis-St. Paul adopt him."

"Maybe we can be another Milwaukee," said Herb Hell, the club's public relations man, remembering 1933.

DETROIT TIGERS

The somnolent Tiger wouldn't hurt a kid pitcher—most days. Manager Bob Sketting must get the Tiger up and roaring, but he'd have more luck if he had some infielders



ANALYSIS OF THE TIGERS

STRONG POINTS

The Tigers have the best outfield in the league—maybe—and good pitching. The outfield has Rocky Colavito in left, Bill Bruton in center, Al Kaline in right. Kaline had a miserable season last year—.278, 15 HRs, 68 RBIs. He's in his favorite position now, and his hitting should return to normal. Bruton, after seven steady seasons with Milwaukee (never below .272, never above .299), will provide top-notch service in center field. Colavito, like Kaline, was sub-par last year—he never seemed to recover from the shock of the trade that took him out of Cleveland the day before the season began. Frank Lary (who has 21-8 lifetime record against Yankees, Jim Bunning and Don Mossi) are reliable starters, and Hank Aguirre is a solid reliever.

WEAK SPOTS

Infield, catching and secondary pitching. The infield is awful, perhaps not even as good as the two new American League teams. Norm Cash on first provides the only flicker of class. Last year he surprised everyone by leading the team in hitting at .286. It remains to be seen if he can continue. The rest of the infield—Chuck Cottier at second, Chico Fernandez at short and rookie Steve Boros at third—are not major league hitters, unless Boros surprises. Fernandez is a career .241 hitter. Cottier hits like Fernandez. Dick Brown will probably be first-string catcher despite a .231 lifetime average, with burly Hatty Chiti in reserve. Tiger pitching thins out fast after the top few: Paul Foytack, once good for 15 wins a year, was 2-11 last year with 6.12 ERA.

THE BIG IF'S

Detroit has no ifs. Everything is obvious, and bad. Perhaps Charley Maxwell could be developed into an if. He is an outfielder-first baseman on a team that has three good outfielders and a possible first baseman. If the Tigers could trade him—which Charley would like—for something they need, like an infielder or a catcher or six pitchers, it would help. Almost anything would help.

NOBODIES AND NEW FACES

Brown and Cottier are new, in from Milwaukee. Jake Wood, a 23-year-old second baseman, hit .295 at Detroit and could take the job away from Cottier. The best-looking rookie is Boros, the third baseman. The Most Valuable Player is the American Association last year, Boros hit .317, 30 home runs and drove in 119 runs. He also stole 22 bases.

THE ORDEAL OF ROCKY COLAVITO

"Most people don't know what Rocky Colavito went through last season," a man was saying. "He had hit 40 home runs and driven in over 100 for two straight years. He was a big man in Cleveland—nice home, a baby sister any time he needed one, friends all over town. The way he was going he had every right to expect to stay there for 10 years."

"Then, the day before the season begins, Frank Lane trades him to Detroit for Karna, and he reads that Lane has called him hamburger compared to Karna's steak. The Tigers open the season in Cleveland and all of Rocky's fans show up with big banners. The game goes 15 innings, it gets cold and dark,

Rocky goes 0 for 6 and strikes out four times. When the game ends the banners are lying in the outfield in shreds. It takes a long time to recover after a start like that."

Outfielder Billy Bruton, who came to the Tigers from the Milwaukee Braves in a trade this winter, pounded his right fist into his glove. "I've never played in the Detroit ball park," he said. "But I don't expect to have too much trouble. Most ball parks are the same for me." Bruton put his glove down and picked up a bat. "A new ball club does a lot of things for your career, sometimes."

Will he move his family to Detroit?

"Oh, no," said Bruton, quickly. "I do public relations for the University of Wisconsin. I have to stay in Milwaukee. I live it there."

Just then a couple of the Milwaukee Braves, preparing for an exhibition against the Tigers, walked by and greeted Billy warmly. Then he said, "Excuse me, please, I have to hit a couple." He stepped into the batting cage, batted a couple of balls, then hit three line drives.

One Milwaukee player looked out toward center field. "We got a hole to 55," he said.

Chuck Cottier, the second baseman obtained in the trade with Milwaukee over



OUTLOOK

The situation in Detroit is desperate. Answering Kaline and Colavito's surprise on their last year's performances, which is likely, the first division still appears too far away. A better bet is a collapse to seventh.

1980 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WIN	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
5	21	30	26

1980 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE

BATTING	PITCHING
Bryant .280	Lary 15-35
Cash .238	Mered 9-9
Kalish .218	Burns 10-34

HITS RUNS	HITS BATTED IN
Colavito 35	Colavito 87
Mered 24	Mered 81
Cash 18	Kalish 58

the winter, doesn't look like a ballplayer. He is slender (5 feet 11, 165 pounds) and fair, and he seems much younger than his age, which is 25. He is an impressive fielder, but in his seven years as a professional ballplayer his hitting has been generally poor, though he did hit .304 during a short stay with Louisville in the American Association last season.

In fielding practice Coach Phil Cavaretta hit ground balls to him, and Collier demonstrated his grace and skill. He handled hard-hit balls to his left and to his right with ease. He whipped through a double-play pivot, taking the ball at second and throwing it on to first in one fluid motion.



JIM BUNNING



FRANK LARY



ROCKY COLAVITO



AL KALINE

THE FRONT OFFICE

For the first time since Walter O. Briggs Sr. died in 1952, all is quiet in Detroit. The constant ferment in the front office subsided when strong man John Lodge, who controls controlling interest, took over president's chair and indicated he would take active role in operation of club. Milwaukee Feltz, a radio-TV executive from Kalumet, Mich., now part of group that bought Tigers from Briggs heirs in July 1976 for \$5.5 million. Longtime Tiger executive Harry Simon continues as executive vice-president. With Bill DeWitt gone to Cincinnati after one year with the Tigers, Vice-President Rick Fencil and Jimmy Campbell will run the baseball side. Fencil is former American League coaching star, Campbell a career front-office man. Top minor league club is now Denver, which used to be Yankee farm.

THE BALL PARK

Briggs Stadium (52,004 capacity) is Briggs Stadium. By any name, ball park is still in same place: two blocks east of John Lodge Expressway, modest cub farm from hotel area. Parking barely adequate, limited to small lots and backyards; price: \$1. Popular way of avoiding inevitable traffic snarl: park farther downtown, hop bus or walk one mile along Michigan Ave. Stadium is grand place to watch baseball. No really bad seats and crowds are knowing and enthusiastic. Ushers rarely gaudy when not tipped. Best view: A new scoreboard, but without Mexican rockets and whistles, decorates center-field wall. Fireworks, however, may be procured occasionally after night games. Five-man combo frequently wanders through stands playing requests. All of which makes for pleasant time at Briggs's, Tiger Stadium.

A few minutes later he took his swings in batting practice. He punched at the ball, hitting a couple of slow rollers, missing one pitch completely, lifting one good drive deep to left field.

Manager Bob Schffling leaned against the Tiger dugout watching the workout.

"When a kid can field like that," he said, "you just want him to hit, even a little."

A Detroit writer took out a press guide and read Collier's past batting averages to Schffling: ".216 at Topeka, .268 at Atlanta, .226 at Louisville, .125 at Milwaukee."

"Right now," said Schffling wistfully, "I'd take .250 at Detroit."

BOSTON RED SOX

Williams is gone, Jensen is back, and the question is how much of Williams' sock can Jensen RH? Probably enough to help make Boston a better club overall.



ANALYSIS OF THE RED SOX

STRONG POINTS

Despite the retirement of Ted Williams, the Red Sox outfield will be strong, certainly stronger than it was last year. It is gaining: 1) Koscewicz Carl Yastrzemski, the best-looking young player in the league; 2) the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1958, Jackie Jensen, who returns to action after a year of voluntary retirement; 3) a healthy Gary Geiger who, from all indications, has finally become a first-rate major league ballplayer. Frank Maloney, an All-Star third baseman for four successive years, dropped off last year in home runs and RBIs, largely because of fatigue and foot trouble, addition of versatile Billy Harrell to Boston bench will enable Manager Mike Higgins to rest Maloney occasionally. Pitcher Bill Monahan,

using a slider effectively, won 14 games with the seventh-place Sox last year. Batting champion Pete Runnels has no real power, but he is a solid hitter and can play either second base or first.

WEAK SPOTS

Pitching, shortstop. Outside of Monahan, quite and Reliever Mike Ciriello, 170 appearances, 10-5, 2.64 ERA, Sox pitching staff is subpar (worse ERA in baseball). The shortstop is once again Don Buddin, who holds job through Sox inability to develop or trade for anyone better.

THE BIG IF'S

Boston has high hopes for rookie left fielder Yastrzemski. If the advance build-up proves too much for him, the Sox will

have to go with the likes of Lou Clinton (.228), Carroll Hardy (.238) and Rip Repetti (.243) in left field. Aging Vic Wertz (.261) had 34 home runs, 115 RBIs in 111 games last season. Sox need his big bat all year again. And, of course, the Red Sox assume that Jackie Jensen, at 34, will come back strong after his year off.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

After Yastrzemski, the best-looking rookie was Second Baseman Chuck Schilling. Sox hope that Schilling, a spindly 170-pounder with good range, will hit well enough to push batting champion Pete Runnels over to first base. Lanky right-hander Gene Conley was obtained from Philadelphia after 8-14 season. Chet Nichols, another bruise-brown boy who is now 31, was 18-6 at Vancouver. Help for reliever Formica could come from Tracy Stallard.

MILD-MANNERED MAN NAMED WILLIAMS

Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox batting instructor, stood toweling himself in front of his locker, a striking figure of size and strength. A visitor edged up from one side and said, "Ted, how do you like your new job?"

Williams looked up suddenly and responded with a half-amused, half-pained smile that said, "God, here we go again!" He looked past the visitor for someone to share his distress. The visitor folded and rephrased his question. Williams' mouth and eyes softened and he said easily, "Well, it's O.K. I'm not doing much. Just following the crowd around."

Which players had he been helping?

None in particular, Williams replied, just anyone who wanted help. Were some better pupils than others? They were all pretty good. They all had stuff. "I can't do much for them," he said, and sounded oddly convincing. "I just show them a few things about hitting. The rest is up to them."

Picking up a second towel, he stepped away from the locker. "Excuse me," he said, "back in a minute." He came back carrying a bottle of orange soda, which he finished in three hard swallows. The visitor asked about Red Sox prospects. "Oh, we're much better this year," Williams replied with an air of simple truth. "Jensen's back and we have two

good kids stepping in." Was one of the kids, Carl Yastrzemski, ready to play left field? "Oh, he's ready, all right," said the man who had played left field for 19 seasons. "No doubt about it." Yastrzemski, he explained, was adequate as a fielder, thrower and runner, and he could hit that ball. The other kid, Schilling, looked fine around second. "He can punch out the hits too," Williams said, writing an outside pitch to the opposite field.

What do young players most often do wrong? "Two things," said Williams without hesitation. "They swing too hard and try to pull the ball. Maybe they're all taught to pull from the start, but they



VIC WERTZ



FRANK MALZONE



PETE RUNNELS



JACKIE JENSEN

THE FRONT OFFICE

Millionaire Tom Yawkey, whose foster father once owned Detroit Tigers, bought Red Sox in 1945, immediately spent \$1 million modernizing ball park. Five years ruined part of new blazers. This was typical Yawkey luck. He spent much money buying established stars (Bobby Foss, Lefty Grove, Joe Cronin, etc.), much more on bonus players, so far has had only a manager's return (one pennant, in 1946). Yawkey this winter finally shook up front office. Vice-Presidents Bucky Harris and John Murphy were dismissed. Business Manager Dick O'Connell moved up to executive vice-president. O'Connell will handle most of the general manager's chores, aided to considerable extent by Field Manager Mike Higgins. Co-players Ted Williams and Mike Belling are listed as "executive assistants."

THE BALL PARK

Fenway Park (13,900 capacity) remodeled slightly this year. Capacity cut almost 1,000, but two seats more than doubled to 2,500, and roughly half of 16,000-capacity bleacher benches converted into individual seats. Skyline boxes (rank section press box, but most seats are on one sprawling, far-reaching grandstand level. One of best-maintained parks in major. No advertising on fences. Organ music installed last year. Ushers are not tipped. Fenway Park—named for nearby firm that once dominated area—is in city's Back Bay section, a short drive from downtown Boston. Parking is inadequate, traffic awful when large crowds turn out. The MTA transit system (subject of an oddball hit song a couple of years ago) is the best way to go to the ball game in Boston. Regular spectators come from all six New England states to cheer for Red Sox.

straightened a pair of fawn-colored boots in the bottom of his locker and combed his shower-rumpled hair. "Say," he said, suddenly looking past the visitor, "I got to go."

With a parting slap on the shoulder he hurried out the locker room door.

Cocher Rudy York paused beside Jackie Jensen. "Who's that warming up? Sherman Jones? Man, he's got lots of junk."

"Junk?" said Jensen. "No, sir. I've been watching him throw—fast balls, curves, maybe even some sliders. You're thinking of Stu Miller."

"Miller," York said. "That's the guy. He changes up on his changeups."

OUTLOOK

The Red Sox appear to be a slender, more versatile club this season than they were last year. They seem certain to beat three rivals (KC, LA and Washington), and may overtake Tigers, too.

1960 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
7	85	85	22

TOP INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING		PITCHING	
Boutwell	.309	Mascheville	14-11
Ginger	.302	Folkester	16-5
Napier	.295	Delock	9-20

HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
Werb	18	Werb	105
Boutwell	14	Walton	79
Ginger	9	Napier	79

shouldn't be. Damn few of the great high-average hitters have been pull hitters. Cobb, Speaker, Hornsby—they all know how to hit to the opposite field." It seemed indiscreet to mention a big left fielder who had always pulled the ball and had hit for an average of .344.

"Ted, what do you have in mind for the long run?" Williams showed the annoyance of a man who has just started one job and finds his friends anxious to talk about a better one. "I mean, do you plan on staying in baseball indefinitely?" Williams stretched over to tie a shoe and said, almost solemnly, "I'd like to stay in baseball all my life."

He pulled on a white polo shirt,

KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

Frank Lane has taken over at Kansas City, which means today's Athletics may be tomorrow's Senators or Tigers. The A's are bad, but they won't stand still



ANALYSIS OF THE ATHLETICS

STRONG POINTS

New Owner Charles Finley brings a willingness to spend money on the team and new General Manager Frank Lane brings a willingness and a skill to guide for the players the club needs. Both men should help and, at the least, make baseball interesting in Kansas City. Bud Daley, KC's All-Star knuckle-baller, had a 16-16 record last year after a so-so start, but his temperate flash and high ERA (4.56) cost some deals on his quality. Ray Herbert had 14 wins, 233 innings pitched and a slick 3.27 ERA. He is 31 and seems ready for a big year.

WEAK SPOTS

No pitching depth, unproved catching, lack of hitting in infield and outfield. Athletics finished a bad last in 1986. The club had no

power pitching (last in strikeouts) and no power hitting (last in home runs). Aside from Daley and Herbert, no pitcher won more than eight games. Catching consists of three second-basers from other clubs: ex-Dodger Joe Pignatano, ex-Red Sox Haywood Sullivan and ex-Oracle Clint Courtney. The A's are expecting big things from Marv Throneberry at first base, yet he has never lived up to exciting minor league promise (185 HRs in six years). Hank Bauer will hustle but has lost the long ball. Bill Tuttle never had it, and Norm Sieben, who will play left field, promises too much against the Yankees (anti-NY BA: .257). The fact that Lane fired Manager Joe Gordon once and traded him another time when both were at Cleveland doesn't add too much to the team's confidence in the manager.

THE BIG SP

Andy Carey is over his physical miseries. A's infield needs him. Don Larsen suffered last year physically (bad back), mentally (a way at Dallas) and professionally (1-10). A's pitching needs him.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

A's will open with rookie Dick Howser, 23, a blond crew-cut, at short this year. Howser looks like a misplaced Little Leaguer (5 feet 9, 135), but can make the deep throw, is smooth in the field, has never hit less than .276 in four pro years. Lefty Joe Nashall from Reds could help relief brigade, and Bob Beal, pinch hitter extraordinaire, will give Gordon a vital bat.

OUTLOOK

It isn't good. Improved efforts by Throneberry, Carey and Sieben, a couple of un-

UP FROM CAIRO, ILLINOIS

Places like Cairo, Ill. and Cambridge, Md. and Valdosta, Ga. and Asheville, N.C. don't mean much to a ballplayer. For Joe Pignatano, catcher, they were old hotels and hot buses, cold meat sandwiches and night games under sorry lights. It was the hot dog and hamburger leagues, the sweatshops of baseball, where the young live on hope and the old on memory.

But when you're 18, as Pignatano was in 1948, even Cairo, Ill. is something. For a kid from Brooklyn, it had all the adventure of life. Now, 38 towns have passed, and this year a new one—Kansas City—will be listed in the record book under Joe Pignatano's name.

After years of being a reserve catcher—the bulpson man, third string—Pignatano has a chance to be the regular catcher at Kansas City. That makes Cairo and Valdosta, Fort Worth and St. Paul, Brooklyn and, yes, even Los Angeles, unimportant. Pignatano does not wallow in the memory of playing with the world champion Dodgers of 1955. He scoffs when he is reminded of the slide he made as a pinch runner that won a vitally important game with the Giants that year.

"I want to play," explains Joe Pignatano. "That's the important thing. I want to catch 100, 125, 150 games. I was the happiest guy in the world when I

came to Kansas City. I could have kissed the Dodgers for sending me here."

A small boy stretched over the edge of the railing as Pignatano talked. "Sign this please, huh?" The catcher signed the book.

"I got Joe Pignatano," the little boy said to his friend.

Dale Mitchell held his bat a couple of inches from the bottom that October day in 1956, and Don Larsen threw his last pitch. The batter struck out, and Larsen had etched his name forever in baseball legend: he had pitched a perfect game, and he had pitched it in the World Series. Not all the heroes of all the games

REASONABLE ER REFUSED

OUT



goes from the young pitchers—and the A's might raise up a notch. If not, they will find little solace in old cry of eighth-place managers, "We've got no place to go but up," because this year they can go down.

1988 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
8	58	96	25

1988 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	PERFORMANCE	PITCHING
Williams .278	Betty 19-16	
Sesem .219	Herbert 14-15	
Lopez .212	Hall 8-13	

HOME RUNS	BASES BATTED IN
Sesem 19	Sesem 68
Williams 17	Williams 55
Carp 12	Carp 54

in all the years ever did anything like it. Today Larsen is crisp-out as he was then, and he looks much the same—handsome, tall, strong. Does the perfect game come to his mind often? Does he think it changed his career? "Nah," says Larsen. "Each day is a new day."

But Larsen's days are not so exciting now. He is a pitcher with the Kansas City Athletics, and he is 31. Last year he pitched 39 innings at Dallas, and everybody (especially those in Houston) knows Dallas is not in the major leagues. Larsen's record from that day in 1956 tells a story: his wins have fallen from 10 to 9 to 6 to 1; his losses have risen from 4 to 6 to 7 to 10.



NORM SESEM



RAY HERBERT



BILL TUTTLE



DICK WILLIAMS

THE FRONT OFFICE

New Owner Charles Finley and new General Manager Frank Lane bring vitality, hope and money. Finley, who was once hot boy for Birmingham Bulls, nearly died of tuberculosis in 1946. While recuperating, he devised a new insurance plan for professional men, is now worth \$30 million. He bought A's this winter after trying for seven years to buy an AL franchise, owns 300+ stock, ejected General Manager Frank Lane from Cleveland with four-year contract at estimated salary of \$180,000. The much-traveled Lane (Chicago White Sox 1948-55, St. Louis Cardinals 1956-57, Cleveland Indians 1958-60), is a trader and tends to ignore farms, but Athletics, under Farm Director Henry Peters, are going after young players. Top minor league team is Triple-A Honolulu—new state's first club in organized ball.

THE BALL PARK

Everything is pretty much up-to-date in Kansas City. Municipal Stadium (33,341 capacity) easy to reach, easy to leave. Two miles southeast of downtown area; 20 minutes from there by car, 20 by express bus. Parking (\$50 to \$1) for 4,500 cars. Postgame traffic usually dispatched in half hour. New boxes, bleachers this year have increased capacity. New tunnel lined with concession stands and rest rooms, runs from street level to seats along first-base line, facilitates flow of crowd. Fence in left moved back from 330 feet to about 370, since opposition hit more homers there last year than A's did. Hence bullpen now is right instead of distant center, which eliminates need for car that used to transport pitchers from bullpen to mound. Fence area planned behind new bleachers in left field. Only food specialty: pizza (\$1.25). Ushers do not expect a tip.

Larsen dressed slowly in the Kansas City clubhouse after a workout. "I'm getting plenty of work," he said. "I'm hoping for a better year. It couldn't be any worse than last year was. My back was hurt last year, I got out of shape, never could get going. Confidence, that's all I need. Get my confidence back. Just a couple of good games."

Larsen suddenly began to talk about his off-season job with a piping supply company in San Diego. "I got the name down," he said to the reporters around him. "Bulbosa Piping."

Sesem, it seemed an odd thing to worry about for a man who had pitched a perfect game in the World Series.

LOS ANGELES ANGELS

Club Owner Gene Autry has always been on the side of the Angels. Now he is trying to lead his new band in the right direction: up. It looks like a long, slow trip



ANALYSIS OF THE ANGELS

STRONG POINTS

One thing these Angels seem to have in power. Compact dimensions of Wrigley Field (about 340 feet down line, 345 to left and right center) have caused Manager Bill Rigney to pack his lineup with long-fly-ball hitters. In Ted Kluszewski and Bob Cerv he has two of best. Both could reach Wrigley foul poles with thin end of bat. Eddie Yost, a late-blooming slugger, totaled 35 HRs in last two years. There is Steve Biko, with a West Coast legend after consecutive Pacific Coast League years of 31, 35, 56 HRs and 124, 164, 140 RBIs. Infielder Ken Aspinmeyer (.290) also hits with some power.

WEAK SPOTS

Almost everything else is weak—especially first-line pitching, team speed, outfield de-

fense. With visiting team batting first, Angels may never get crack at Wrigley fences. Inspiring training Rigney cast about, not for a starting rotation, but for a dependable starter. His four best prospects—Jerry Cantale, Ted Bowdfield, Ned Garner and Elb Gerbo—was a grand total of 16 games last year, posted combined ERA of 4.64. This would seem to indicate that the Angels will need a muscular bullpen, but the relief pitching (Truman Cleveland 4.19 ERA, Tom Morgan 4.25) isn't impressive either. No matter who plays, Angels will have one of worst defensive outfields in majors. Cerv, deadly within 12-foot radius, will be in left. In center will be Ken Hunt, who hit well in training, or Gene Lock, if he doesn't win an infield spot. In right, little (5-foot 5-inch) Albie Pearson—a reasonably accomplished

outfielder—will play only when Rigney relaxes big-bat policy. Loaded with 20-second-dash men, Angels may set record for fewest stolen bases, will have trouble scoring anybody on less than a double.

THE BIG IPS

On paper the pitching looks bad. The Angels are hoping that it will be up to at least an ordinary last-place-team level. It better be, or the American League experiment in Los Angeles will turn into a farce.

ROOKIES

Best rookie is Infielder Fritz Brickell, obtained from Yankees this week. Ken McBride, from White Sox, and infielder Ron Mueller, from Orioles, pitched well in exhibition games. Horacio Youngster is camp, however, was an 18-year-old shutout-named Jim Fregosi; Angels have sent him

BIG LEAGUERS

In baseball, as in life, there are differences among men. Some are short, some are fat, some play well, some play not so well. What matters is whether you're big league. And the Angels, for all their ineptitude, for all their aura of hard-mad-dog clothing, are big league.

If there was any question of this, it was settled when the Angels met Cleveland in the first exhibition game between the two this spring. A couple of Cleveland players spotted Eddie Yost, Bob Cerv and Rocky Bridges and drifted over to talk. In no time the scene around the batting cage resembled homecoming at a college fraternity.

Some players were "old bastards" and

"big clowns"; others were Joe or Jim or simply "hey, man." Families were either in camp with the player or back home, but in either case they were fine. Rocky Bridges had smashed up his car over the winter, Valmy Thomas was still running the sporting goods store in the Virgin Islands, Eddie Yost was feeling pretty good in spite of his 34 years. Big Klu was looking as big as ever, especially across the middle.

Any opinion offered publicly on the Angels was sure to begin with "They're gonna surprise a lot of people." Well-wishers spoke the names of Kluszewski, Cerv and Biko in tones of reverence.

An Angel official called Manager Bill

Rigney over for a publicity shot for Bonanza Airlines. Did this mean the Angels would be flying Bonanza during the season? No, said Rigney, this was to promote his radio sports show. After all, he might have added, what is a manager without a sports show of some sort? When you're big league, you gotta be big league all the way.

In Los Angeles, despite their obvious shortcomings and the Dodgers' obvious strength, the Angels have gained the edge in newspaper publicity and have got equal time from impromptu discussions.

The Dodgers, in Vero Beach, had full-



In their triple-A farm club, Duffin, will try to develop him into club's first "find."

OUTLOOK

Angels will score runs and may get enough pitching to beat out Washington for sixth.

1980 TEAM PERFORMANCE

PRESIDENT	MANAGER	COACH	GENERAL MANAGER
...	...	...	...

TOP INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	PITCHING
Barry Bonds .310	Steve Carlton 6-4
Reggie Smith .288	Steve Carlton 5-11
Yogi Berra .288	Steve Carlton 4-5
MORE RUNS	MORE RAISED IN
Yogi Berra 14	Reggie Smith 45
Steve Carlton 14	Yogi Berra 41
Reggie Smith 10	Steve Carlton 40

fledged heroes, a campful of talented rookies and their share of spring victories. The Angels had trouble beating anyone's first team. But news from Astro Beach often seemed to have a negative cast—O'Malley feuding with the Federal Aviation Agency, Korfax and Sherry being fired, Drysdale blowing up and being chewed out by Busard. News from the Angel camp was wholesome and happy. The players were hustling like mad, spirit was at a frenzied peak, the weather was delightful. It was one for all, all for one, and we're gonna run our share.

One paper ran a series of profiles on Angel coaches and players. Another printed background material on Ameri-



BOB CERV



RODIE YOST



KEN ASHWORTH



TED KLUSZEWSKI

THE FRONT OFFICE

Busch's newest team is led by a cowboy singer and the Rose Bowl's only 180-minute man. Originally a railroad telegrapher, Cowboy Star Gayle Barry took Wolf Ruggers' friendly advice, traded in his key for a guitar. Armed with a small fortune and a large appetite for baseball (he is a box holder at the Coliseum), Barry, 33, acquired the Anaheim December. He serves as chairman of the board. Stanford remembers its handsome All-American Bob Reynolds as the only man to play seven minutes in three Rose Bowl games (1946, '54, '56). Reynolds, a L.A. president, has been associated with Barry in radio for several years. Los Angeles Manager Fred Haney is general manager, brings baseball experience to front office. Roland Hornsby, former assistant farm director for Braves, will run farm system.

THE BALL PARK

As a minor league in the Pacific Coast League in 1925, Paul Wernert hit a home run on Opening Day at Wrigley Field (20,000 capacity). A lot more will be hit this year when the American League comes to this spring park, built 35 years ago by the Chicago Cubs as a junior-sized version of Chicago's Wrigley Field. Its four blackboards, near bleachers east and 70,000 seats less than neighboring Coliseum. Parking is minuscule (900 cars), particularly for sports-scenic Southern California, but there is hope of a shuttle bus from Coliseum lot. Big league dimensions along foul lines and to dead center (540, 462, 370 feet), but power plays in left center and right center are only 445 EV's More. Run Dribs is held for athletes, fans, in three to four minutes. Next season it expects to move into Charter Racers as playing grounds of Dodgers.

can League stars who soon would be seen in Wrigley Field. Biko's weight was good copy for a week. When that faded, there were always host's meals, Bridges' spunkiness and the promise of San Diego's favorite son, Gene Lock.

Lock played a part, too. From a shiny Cadillac one morning stopped Dwight D. Eisenhower. He took his place discreetly in the stands, but was soon rushed out and into the airport by IRS hawks, the Angels' extremely capable publicity man. This was still being written about three days later. Then there was Casey Stengel, who left his Glendale Park to watch the new team and got his photograph in all the Los Angeles papers.

WASHINGTON SENATORS

The new Senators are, unhappily, hand-me-downs from the other clubs. Washington has had a long run of poor teams, and this one upholds the tradition



ANALYSIS OF THE SENATORS

STRONG POINTS

Manager Mackey Venzel has relief pitching, catching and a few fading stars—which isn't too bad for a mediocre ball club. Dave Siler (2.48 ERA) and Johnny Klippstein (2.92) were top relievers on their 1960 clubs, Detroit and Cleveland. One problem: on slummy Washington pitching staff, these two may have to be used as starters. Pete Daley, a .265 hitter at Kansas City, gives Senators a better first-string catcher than three other AL teams. Gene Woodling, in left field, leads a short list of name players who should contribute moments of fine play. Woodling has a justified reputation as one of league's best clutch hitters. Dale Long will be at first base as much as his 33-year-old legs let him. Center Fielder Willie Tasby has good range, hit .281 with Boston last year. In two seasons, 1957-58, Dick Donovan won 21 games for the White Sox. Perhaps he will remember how he did it.

WEAK SPOTS

There are many, of course. It is doubtful that any team in major league history ever had a group of pitchers with fewer complete

games to its credit the preceding season: three. (Pete Barnade had two, Hal Woodeshock one. Both are left-handers.) Bonnie Hansen pitched well this spring and may become the team's best pitcher. The rest of the staff—John Gubler, Rudy Hernandez and Ray Semproch—will pitch and grope. The infield, except for Long, is a collection of rookies and weak-hitting castoffs. R. C. Stevens, a smooth-fielding ex-Pirate who hit 37 home runs at Salt Lake City, will share first with Long. Danny O'Connell, the ex-Brave and Giant, is set at second base, after a .312 season at Tacoma. Shortstop will be Coz Voul (2.90 lifetime). Harry Bright and Billy Kijas, experienced hangers-on, will play third.

THE BIG IF

Will the solid relief pitching help the Senators more than power hitting will help Los Angeles? That is the hope in Washington.

ROOKIES

There are two outfielding prospects. Charley Hinton from Brooklyn (you remember Brooklyn) looks a little like Henry Aaron,

and at Stockton hit very much like Aaron: .369 and 20 home runs. Joe Hicks, a White Sox helper a year ago, hit .340 at San Diego. Two right-handers, Joe McClint and Ed Hebrugh, were best Senator players in spring, are likely starters.

OUTLOOK

It's hard to see how the club can avoid being the first 10th-place team in history. The American League's shoddy franchise shuffle has left the poor people of Washington with a team that might make the old Washington Senators seem like the Yankees.

1959 TEAM PERFORMANCE

FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
----------	-----	------	--------------

1959 INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BATTING	TEAM	TEAM	TEAM
Woodling	.361	Siler	2.5
Felix	.318	Barnade	1.1
Klapp	.318	Stevens	0.1
HOME RUNS	TEAM	TEAM	TEAM
Woodling	31	Woodling	52
Felix	5	Tasby	43
Long	5	Daley	75

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

"The least we can do is ask," said the father to his son as they watched the Senators go through their drills. The boy stood there, leaning his arm against the fence behind first base. He didn't say anything.

"Well, that's what we came down for, wasn't it?" asked the father in an annoyed tone. "See that guy drop the ball? They don't look so hot. I don't know

where to go, but let's see what we can do, O.K.?"

Finally the boy spoke. "O.K."

The father looked around, spotted Coach George Susce and decided to try his luck. "Hey," he yelled to Susce. But Susce did not turn around in this vague reference.

Then the father turned to his son, asking, "Who's No. 55?"

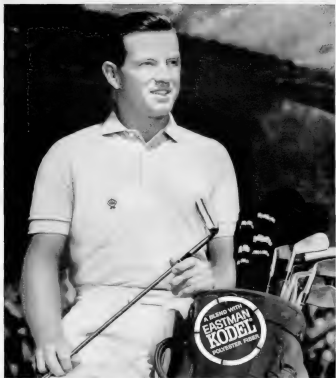
The boy looked down at a sheet of paper, turning his right index finger up and down the list, then going over it a second time before saying, "Fifty-five? That's Susce. He's a coach."

Again the father tried calling. "Hey, Susce. Hey, Coach." Susce turned around and walked to the fence.

"I brought my boy here over for a tryout," the father said proudly. "Can you help us?"

"Sure," Susce said in a warm and

continued



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DALE LONG



GENE WOODLING



WILLIE TABOR



DICK DONOVAN

WASHINGTON continued

inviting voice. Then, holding up his gratted right hand, on which no two fingers protruded in the same direction, the former major league catcher pointed down the left-field line. "See that guy out there along the line? He'll help you. Just go around to the gate by third. Go right on in and talk to him. He'll be glad to help you."

The father thanked Sasse, turned to his son and said, "Let's go." Reluctantly, the boy pushed away from the fence. He was dressed in a white T shirt and white sailing pants that were tied with a little knot at the middle of the calves. He was tall and skinny and a trifle pale, and he walked with only half the determination of his father.

Sasse started to shake his head as he watched them walk away. Then he changed his mind and said, "You can never tell. He might be a good one."

The new Senators pushed slowly through their calisthenics. George Sasse sitting in a mezzure. Before him were ranks and files of men and boys from Canada and California, from Missouri and New Jersey. Bodies were bent forward, sideways, backward; legs were stretched, strained, strengthened.

When the calisthenics were over, Sasse walked to the right-field foul line. He took a five-minute breather there, then picked up half a dozen balls and called to a pair of passing players. "Over here, let's get started." Side by side the two ran back and forth as Sasse rolled grounders to them. The man closer to

Sasse each time he threw a ball was always responsible for retrieving and returning it, but the other player always did the same running and bending.

"Just a couple more," Sasse said to the passing players. "Take advantage of a cool day. You can work longer and you don't get as winded."

When he finished with the two, Sasse looked for new recruits. "O.K., two more good men. Come on, Gabler. Who's that next to you? Hey, come on over." The routine began again.

"All these kids are willing," Sasse said to a bystander. "With spirit like this you can do a lot. If they are willing to get in shape, they will get in shape; and if they're in shape they'll do O.K. I was with the Athletics when they moved from Philadelphia to Kansas City, and I like this team's chances better. You find enthusiasm everywhere you look around here."

Sasse dismissed the tired players and then was able to find only one unsuccessful man for the next round of exercise. "O.K.," he said, "try it alone." He began tossing the ball, and almost at once another player came over and voluntarily joined in.

"See what I mean?" Sasse said.

Pete Duley took his final swing in batting practice and fired the ball to left field. He sped past first base and raced toward second. As he neared it, he half dived, half tripped toward the base, bounced and rolled right over it. He wound up on his back on the edge of the infield. Laughing, he scrambled to his feet, yelling, "Wowie, what a life!"

THE FRONT OFFICE

Top man and leader of the syndicate that bought the new Washington franchise last November is Elwood R. (Pete) Quesada, who has wealth in family, retired from Air Force as lieutenant general in 1953 at age of 47 after spectacular career, was much in the news the past two years as administrator of Federal Auction Agency. Quesada is president of club, intends to take active part in running of nonbaseball detail. The baseball side of things is in hands of handsome, gray-haired General Manager Ed Doherty, who resigned as president of the American Association to take post with Senators. Doherty was publicity director for Boston from 1939 to 1948; later was general manager of Red Sox, Green Sox and Toronto. Strongly recommended for Washington job by American League President Joe Cronin, his old boss with Red Sox.

THE BALL PARK

The first season for Washington's new Senators is the last season for Washington's old Griffith Stadium (27,550 capacity). Next year the club expects to play in the spectacular new Washington, D. C., stadium (50,000 capacity). The old park is in a poor section of the city, a dozen blocks (10 minutes) from downtown hotel area. Parking will be inadequate if Senators have any sellout crowds. Left-field bleachers, built for the old team's home run hitters, are gone, reducing seating capacity, lengthening home run distance by 10 feet. Harry M. Stevens, Inc. has taken over concessions, formerly run by club. Other weathering season, except for base and home plate—Cal Griffith took the old ones with him to Minnesota. Economic note: D.C. is poor season-ticket town because there is little industry and big business in the capital to buy tickets for entertainment purposes.



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LIKE A GREAT MANY LAWYERS, BOBBY JONES (LEFT), HERE DISCUSSING HAND WITH ARTHUR GOREN, BASES BRIDGE GAME ON LOGIC

THE BEST IN BRIDGE

Sports Illustrated's expert on cards introduces a gallery of famous players and reveals which profession produces the most consistent winners

by CHARLES GOREN

When I first got into bridge, I had little idea what a stimulating profession I had chosen. Because of the game I have been able to travel almost everywhere on earth and to meet both the leaders and the people of many nations. Bridge, I discovered early, was an interest I could share easily and pleasantly with men high in government, with schoolboys in Paris, or with professional baseball players. I have found verifiably good players among all of them. But who, I am often asked, are the best players?

The question in a sense is unfair. With equal logic you might ask, who are the best bookkeepers? Still, and perhaps foolishly, I have an answer. Lawyers are the best.

You may be surprised at this. There is a widely held belief that mathematicians as a group are superior players. They

should be but, curiously, I have never known this to be so. It is the same with chess players. With their excellent training, I would have thought that they would make ideal raw material for the bridge table. Yet I have watched such world champions as José Capablanca and Dr. Emanuel Lasker, and I am certain that had they played chess as they played bridge their names would not be well known today. Musicians are said to have precise minds. The ones I have met have been great enthusiasts for bridge, but somehow they have all lacked the proper attitude to be really good.

No, in the end I am forced to conclude that among the professional men in the field of tournament bridge, the most successful have been those with legal training. This is a particularly difficult thing for me to say because I once practiced law myself. This, I hope, has not prejudiced my thinking. I suppose the reason why so many lawyers are good bridge players is that logic is the basis of their practice and, also, they are in close contact with people and are good judges of what behavior to expect.

Bobby Jones is an attorney in point. He took up bridge in his middle years after illness barred him from the golf

continued



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GOOREN

course. Observe how he performed with the North cards below.

North hands		NORTH	
East's hand		♠ K Q J 6 2	
South's hand		♥ 10 3	
		♦ 8	
		♣ K Q J 9 7 5	
		WEST	
		♠ 5	
		♥ Q J 8 9	
		♦ A K Q J 9 7	
		♣ 9 8 2	
		EAST	
		♠ 1 7 5	
		♥ 9 8 6 2	
		♦ 10 6 2	
		♣ 10 6 2	
		NORTH	
		♠ A J 10 9 7	
		♥ A K J 6 2	
		♦ 5 3	
		♣ A	

NORTH		WEST		NORTH		EAST	
♠ 5		♠ 5		♠ 5		♠ 5	
♥ 10 3		♥ 10 3		♥ 10 3		♥ 10 3	
♦ 8		♦ 8		♦ 8		♦ 8	
♣ K Q J 9 7 5		♣ K Q J 9 7 5		♣ K Q J 9 7 5		♣ K Q J 9 7 5	

Hand 1: North's hand is the same as in the previous hand.

South opened with one spade, and West overcalled: two diamonds. Jones, North, had a choice at this point. The conventional is a jump raise to three spades. However, he felt that his reasonably good club suit might have an important bearing on subsequent play if a fit could be uncovered, so he bid three clubs.

North rebid three hearts, and now Jones turned on the steam by jumping to four spades. Though South became dumfounded, the two losing diamonds demanded that he proceed with caution. A Blackwood call would not be appropriate for even if North had no ace, a slam might be around the corner, if he had second-round control of diamonds.

So South bid five clubs. Since spades had been vigorously supported, this was an obvious cue-bid suggesting that partner contract for slam if he could take care of the initial suit diamonds.

Jones promptly accommodated, and shortly after the opening lead, South tabled his cards and claimed the small slam. Observe that North might just as easily have held a hand with two diamonds and a singleton heart, in which case he would have stopped at five spades.

Though I practiced law for more than a decade, the closest I ever came to a Supreme Court case was in my studies at school. Bridge, on the other hand, enabled me to meet one of the great men of our time, Fred Vinson, the late Chief

Justice. Justice Vinson loved sports, particularly baseball and football, and the elephantine memory that catalogued lay figures for the Horse Way and Means Committee also retained hunting, swimming and fitness plans from years back. In his youth he played shortstop, and the story, perhaps apocryphal but certainly topical, is told of the time a man asked him if he was the same Fred Vinson who played on a Kentucky team against a West Virginia nine some 30 years before.

"I am," he replied. "And we almost always lost, thanks to you."

"I'll bet you can't remember what position I played," the man said.



FRED VINSON: "A home player," he likes with it, rather than after a long drive.

"Yes, I do," Vinson replied. "You were the umpire."

Early in 1953 I was the Chief Justice's partner in one of the last bridge games he ever played. It was at the country home of Harry Walker, a judge of the U.S. District Court in Farmington, W. Va., and we were meeting a team of West Virginia bar members in a marathon bridge game. We were far out in front, when suddenly I took an 1100-point set on an unplayable bid. Justice Vinson was furious. I never knew such wrath could reside within that placid exterior. We were playing for nothing a point, which made his ire the more noteworthy.

Continued



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GOREN

I regret that I do not recall the hand today. No doubt under the strain of acute embarrassment I promptly forgot it.

Tension, of course, often plays a part in bridge. One of the tensest partners I ever had was Forest Evashevski, the former football coach and now athletic director of the University of Iowa. But unlike most people, Ery, a supremely confident man, never seems to let tension affect his play. He is a highly capable bridge player and he acquitted himself most creditably in the Iowa State bridge championships a few years ago when he and I were partners. I must confide, however, that he covered more territory between rounds than he ever did as the blocking back for Tommy Harmon in his undergraduate days at Michigan. He performed at the tournament in a manner that would have done credit even to the most adroit card handler.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 5 4 3	♥ A 3	♠ 10 9 8	♥ K 7 6 5
♦ A 10 9	♣ A 10 9	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
WEST		NORTH	
♠ A K J 10	♥ 10 9 8	♠ 5 3	♥ 10 9 8
♦ 7 5 2	♣ A 10 9	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
♠ 5 3	♥ 7 6 5	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
♠ 10 9 8	♥ 10 9 8	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
NORTH		EAST	
♠ 5 3	♥ 10 9 8	♠ 10 9 8	♥ K 7 6 5
♦ 7 5 2	♣ A 10 9	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
♠ 5 3	♥ 10 9 8	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
NORTH		EAST	
♠ 5 3	♥ 10 9 8	♠ 10 9 8	♥ K 7 6 5
♦ 7 5 2	♣ A 10 9	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5
♠ 5 3	♥ 10 9 8	♦ 7 5 2	♣ K 7 6 5

Opening bid 1 King of spades

Evashevski's defense was quite diabolical. Actually, four hearts was rather a remarkable contract since it was the only game North-South could fulfill.

I opened the king of spades and in response to my partner's signal continued with the ace and another. South ruffed and led the queen of hearts and every-one ducked. He continued with the jack, and this, too, was permitted to hold as Evashevski dropped the 8 of hearts. It was obvious to him that if he took the second heart it would be the last defensive trick, since whatever honors I held in the minor suits were readily finessable.

continued

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U.S. Pat. 2,514,000; 2,514,001; 2,514,002; 2,514,003; 2,514,004; 2,514,005; 2,514,006; 2,514,007; 2,514,008; 2,514,009; 2,514,010; 2,514,011; 2,514,012; 2,514,013; 2,514,014; 2,514,015; 2,514,016; 2,514,017; 2,514,018; 2,514,019; 2,514,020; 2,514,021; 2,514,022; 2,514,023; 2,514,024; 2,514,025; 2,514,026; 2,514,027; 2,514,028; 2,514,029; 2,514,030; 2,514,031; 2,514,032; 2,514,033; 2,514,034; 2,514,035; 2,514,036; 2,514,037; 2,514,038; 2,514,039; 2,514,040; 2,514,041; 2,514,042; 2,514,043; 2,514,044; 2,514,045; 2,514,046; 2,514,047; 2,514,048; 2,514,049; 2,514,050; 2,514,051; 2,514,052; 2,514,053; 2,514,054; 2,514,055; 2,514,056; 2,514,057; 2,514,058; 2,514,059; 2,514,060; 2,514,061; 2,514,062; 2,514,063; 2,514,064; 2,514,065; 2,514,066; 2,514,067; 2,514,068; 2,514,069; 2,514,070; 2,514,071; 2,514,072; 2,514,073; 2,514,074; 2,514,075; 2,514,076; 2,514,077; 2,514,078; 2,514,079; 2,514,080; 2,514,081; 2,514,082; 2,514,083; 2,514,084; 2,514,085; 2,514,086; 2,514,087; 2,514,088; 2,514,089; 2,514,090; 2,514,091; 2,514,092; 2,514,093; 2,514,094; 2,514,095; 2,514,096; 2,514,097; 2,514,098; 2,514,099; 2,514,100; 2,514,101; 2,514,102; 2,514,103; 2,514,104; 2,514,105; 2,514,106; 2,514,107; 2,514,108; 2,514,109; 2,514,110; 2,514,111; 2,514,112; 2,514,113; 2,514,114; 2,514,115; 2,514,116; 2,514,117; 2,514,118; 2,514,119; 2,514,120; 2,514,121; 2,514,122; 2,514,123; 2,514,124; 2,514,125; 2,514,126; 2,514,127; 2,514,128; 2,514,129; 2,514,130; 2,514,131; 2,514,132; 2,514,133; 2,514,134; 2,514,135; 2,514,136; 2,514,137; 2,514,138; 2,514,139; 2,514,140; 2,514,141; 2,514,142; 2,514,143; 2,514,144; 2,514,145; 2,514,146; 2,514,147; 2,514,148; 2,514,149; 2,514,150; 2,514,151; 2,514,152; 2,514,153; 2,514,154; 2,514,155; 2,514,156; 2,514,157; 2,514,158; 2,514,159; 2,514,160; 2,514,161; 2,514,162; 2,514,163; 2,514,164; 2,514,165; 2,514,166; 2,514,167; 2,514,168; 2,514,169; 2,514,170; 2,514,171; 2,514,172; 2,514,173; 2,514,174; 2,514,175; 2,514,176; 2,514,177; 2,514,178; 2,514,179; 2,514,180; 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The quiet, roomy wagons Mother does



Dodge Dart wagon—built to make Mother's job easier—the full-size wagon proved model for model with Ford and Chevrolet.

The 1961 Chrysler Corporation wagons do their jobs quietly with a minimum of effort on your part—thanks to Unibody Construction, Torsion-Aire Ride, and Constant Control Power Steering.

A busy mother needs all the help she can get. And these wagons really provide it.

There's room to spare for kids and cargo, along with a quiet ride that's new to wagons—thanks to Unibody Construction. Body and frame are a solid welded unit. Gone are the usual joints and bolts that could loosen and get noisy.

And these wagons park and handle with ease, too. Constant Control Power Steering, an option, works full time so you scarcely work at all. And Chrysler Corporation's exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride smooths the roughest roads.

But this is only the beginning. There are many other fine features offered. See your dealer. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.

25 models to choose from—9 Plymouth wagons • 2 Valiant wagons • 2 Dodge wagons • 4 Dart wagons • 2 Lancer wagons • 4 Chrysler wagons.



You'll wonder where the rattles went. First time out you'll notice the quietness of your 1961 wagon from Chrysler Corporation. It's built the Unibody way—a solid welded unit that stays shipshape.

***that remember
most of the driving***



Lancer wagon—Dodge's new compact—easy to load, easy to park, and mighty easy on gas.



Dodge Polara wagon—the best of everything Dodge with plenty of room for the kids and all their cargo, too.



Valiant wagon—low-priced king of the compacts, styled to make Mother feel like a Queen.



Plymouth wagon—a wagonload of family fun in America's No. 1 low-priced, economy car.



Chrysler wagon—smart looks and levers in the sporty, modern wagon that fits any suburban setting.

Chrysler  Corporation

Serving America's new quest for quality

Wherever you go  you look better in an Arrow shirt



Old England shirts in the new perfect color, photographed for Arrow in England City House by Pan American Art Company

The best-watched match on the cricket field



A full color range with optional embroidery

Short sleeve sport shirts are good form for spectators at Stratford. These style-matched shirts are from the Arrow Old England collection. Some have embroideries of stylized monograms as shown at left. Designed abroad, these shirts are cut to conform perfectly to body lines. The wash-and-wear "Sanforized" fabric assures permanent fit. Arrow Old England shirts for men are available in a wide color variety of lightweight summer cottons, 4.00. Same shirts in "Lady Arrow," 4.00.

—ARROW—



Lighter... Rolls Easier... Looks Better

One look will tell you Bag Boy is the very finest golf cart ever made... and it's all new for '61. The secret is

Bag Boy's exclusive new SOFT-RIDE... a luxury found in no other cart anywhere in the world. To give you this unequalled soft-ride, Bag Boy has developed an entirely new cushion tire... a lighter, sportier wheel... and an improved spring action. It literally floats over the roughest fairway, reduces arm fatigue, makes golfing more fun than ever. Bag Boy's bright new all-weather finish has added new eye appeal.

ton. It looks and feels like a million dollars.

See the 1961 Bag Boy at leading pro shops, sporting goods and department stores everywhere, or write Jarman-Williamson, 601 N.E. 28th Avenue, Portland, Oregon for free catalog.

- NEW** soft-ride cushion tire
- NEW** soft-ride sports wheel
- NEW** sparkling all-weather finish
- NEW** improved soft-ride spring action

Bag Boy

the world's favorite golf cart



CONFESSION

hinged on the location of the spade honor cards. He had one sure loser in hearts and possibly an additional two in spades unless West held both the king and queen.

There appeared to be nothing more to it's hand than to make the spade play and hope for the best, but Kaufman was reluctant to bank all his hopes on one shot. Analyzing the situation skillfully, he devised a line of play which would succeed even if the adverse spade honors were divided.

Kaufman won the club lead in dummy and immediately played ace and another heart. West was in and tried to cash a high club, but declarer ruffed, trumped a heart in dummy, led a diamond to the 10 and trumped his last heart in dummy. Now he ruffed a third round of clubs in his hand, removing East's last club and setting the stage for a squeeze.

Kaufman cashed all of his trumps and when the last one was played, everyone had to come down to three cards. West was forced to hold the 10 of clubs against dummy's 9, so he had to reduce to the king and 8 of spades. The dummy, discarding his club, threw off the 9 of clubs, that card having served its function. East was reduced to three spades.

When Kaufman led the deuce of spades, West followed with the 3, and the 10 was played from dummy, forcing East's queen. East returned a spade and declarer's 4 brought forth the king from West and the ace from dummy. Declarer's jack of spades took the last trick in the cleverly contrived form of grand squeeze.

The late Prince Aly Khan was an intense competitor no matter what field he tried. I knew him best, of course, at the bridge table, where he showed the same degree of enterprise that had been characteristic of him on the racing turf and in his speedy motor cars.

As many of my readers know, I have constantly avoided high-stake games, but in Aly's house you had to play for big money. He usually insisted on 40 francs a point, which amounted to 8¢ at the time I played with him. Quite a little above the level of our domestic games!

An illustration of his resourcefulness follows.

Continued



WOOL ACHIEVES A NEW GREATNESS

*The crease that
will never cease*

KUPPENHEIMER's pure wool lightweight suits are the practical and secure guarantee of a crease that will never cease.

Wool's natural bias developed a crease at the trousers that now stays forever. Holding garments in the same And despite this crease of strength looks completely natural. Not a twisted tin-pants look, but a crease that bends with the man. Moves with relaxed custom cut.

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Take a good look at this new wool lightweight spring suit. You'll see what we mean.

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GOREN *continues*

NORTH			
North place:	+		
not visible	+	10 9 8 2	
West dealer	+	10 5 3	
	+	Q J 10 8 7	
EAST			
+	10		8 5 3 2
+	J 7		Q 4 3 1
+	K Q J 8 6 5 2		5 7
+	A 3		2 2
SOUTH			
	+	A K Q J 7 6 3	
	+	A 8 3	
	+	K 5 1	
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	7
5	PASS	PASS	4
1	PASS	PASS	4
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

TABLE 10-17

West passed. His very strong hand. Ah, South, opened with a demand bid of two spades. West now decided upon obstructive tactics by way of a four-club mound call. Over South's four spades, West made the inevitable two-diamond bid. Ah went on to five spades. East's double cooled the auction.

West led the king of diamonds, which declarer ruffed. Declarer drew four rounds of trumps leaving East with the high 9 of trumps. Since clubs had eventually to be established, declarer started to work on that suit, leading the king. West held up for one round but took the second club lead and shot back another diamond, which declarer ruffed.

At this point South was in position to force out East's trump with a club and resign himself to a one-trick set for he would have to give up a heart trick in the end. But Ah was loath to accept a sure loss when there was a chance of bumping in this slightly non-narrative contract.

Knowing West to be a second player who was unlikely to bid two diamonds without eight sure winners, Ah played West for a right card suit. Reluctantly, he went with his last trump, knowing that if East did have another diamond the defense would take two out of the trick-and-1100-point draw 100-remains-alive, the line. At 90 a point this was a proposition of some magnitude—but Ah had made the right decision. East had to lead a heart and Ah spread his cards, claiming the contract.

END



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The minutes drag by, and at last the call comes: "Capezio, out!" The chaotic noise explodes in a fever of 11th-hour activity. Last weekend's broken-up starting order: your tattered nerves, the valet is cued a dozen times (but only twice), and finally you go into the hard spring sashimi. At first, outside, it is worse instead of better. In the crowded paddock heat that is the paddock, the jampacked crowd and leering TV cameras combine to remind you just how closely every move will be regarded, right or wrong. The sight of Taxi, unmoved by his surroundings, helped a little and, when at last the moment came to mount, his head first back and well-remembered ears put heart where none had been before.

Setting out to ride in a Grand National, a jockey has all the usual tactical problems to be solved in any steeplechase, and several special ones besides. Shall he, for instance, strive to reach the first fence with the leaders and risk arriving there too fast, or take it easy, chancing interference from bad or fallen horses? Each fence at Aintree stretches right across the route, and the second problem is to choose between inside, outside and middle for the first hectic mile. Some experienced players are shies to one, sure to the other and some, perhaps the wisest, leave it open "to go where the others aren't." Nine fall out of 10 at the early fence due to a drop on the inside side, which exist at no other English track and offer an unsuspecting horse like one too many steps on a staircase in the dark. These drops are slightly less severe toward the outer rail, so, as the milling crowd of horses was sorted into line, I chose an outside berth—and at once regretted it, as both Russians and much more than half the field followed suit.

All eyes now on the starter's stand—a great gap from the stands behind trees—but the tapes still don't go up. Last year's winner, Merryman 41, had, as it turned out, been kicked by a jealous rival, but he calmly trotted back into place and then with a shout and a surge and a clash of stirrups we were off. With not a drop of rain for weeks, Taxi, for the first time since 1988, had the firm, dry ground he

loves. Vital, too, for a tufed horse, there was no real wind to speed his breathing, so, as we bounded on well up in the first five with the first fence clear before us, I felt more hopeful than ever before that day.

On this going my old friend had always been a brilliant jumper, careful as well as bold, but never inclined to go higher than necessary. The only question, therefore, was how much to hope with fences twice as tall and six inches higher than any he had known before? A horse's choice stays by my knee, but the way is clear. Taxi's ears peek forward—he need for help from me—three strides, two, one and up, to bang, snout and slide gleefully away. Behind and beneath ruts, crashes, grunts and swear words tell of lost happy men, and one comes past me, airborne, arm flung wide in a hopeless bid to stay aloft.

The three choices

Now there are only three in front and, measuring the second fence far off, Taxi flicks over as if it were a hurdle. All nerves, all doubts are gone. With those two leaps he has told me all I need to know, as if to say, "Don't worry, just sit there, I'll do the rest." And so, I'm sure, he would have. A horse's stride at full gallop will often land him just too near a fence or just too far away. He has three courses open: put in a short one and "biddle," stand back and stretch, or go straight on and, at Aintree, pay the price.

At the fourth fence Taxi fiddled, neat, clean and easy as pie. At the fifth he stood back and flew. And so to the sixth, to Berber's Brook, there came on Saturday afternoon a brave, intelligent horse and a jockey as happy as any man can be. Poor fool, his overconfidence mouthed fate and, as his elbow, fate's reply appeared. A horse called Tea Fied set the pace for a whole circuit in last year's Grand National, and now the same old replicator, having deviated his rider at the first fence, galloped gaily up beside us, with reins and stirrups flying free and a happy glint of mischief in his blinkered eye. Berber's shunt diagonally across the course, and many horses, particularly loose ones, tend to jump it left-handed. Knowing this, I gulped to the right and 15 yards away. All seemed secure.

But Tea Fied knew otherwise. Sneering like a polo pony, he darted

in across our horse and Taxi, seeing someone checked for one fatal stride. His take-off, delayed and hampered as it was, would have been perfect at any other fence. But at Berber's, as the galled captain found out 122 years ago, you must jump far out to clear the ditch or land on the side of a peepier where only a mountain goat could hope to keep his feet. Head down between his jaws, Taxi bought for a dozen yards to stay upright. He did



PRERACE ANXIETY—down on knees at Ladbroke, Tea Fied, Bats and his wife as they wait in Aintree's paddock.

in, too, but as he struggled back, my grip and balance failed.

It was the end for me. (Nicholas Silver went on to win, the first time 98 years that a gray horse has won the Grand National.) Riding sadly back, pillow behind another fallen jockey, my mind was filled with bitter thoughts of what might have been. For Taxi certainly, for me perhaps, there will be other chances. But on Saturday—and now—a year seems a desperate time to wait.

END

DREAM OF GLORY ON THE MOUND

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The idea that looms out of the opposite page is that of a man who has just lived a true nightmare; who has awoken, as Ernest Hemingway put it, from "the dark side of the moon of Walter Mitty." George Plimpton, for reasons of his own, not long ago decided that he wanted to find out what it was like to pitch in Yankee Stadium against the best hitters of major-league baseball. With the assistance of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and a

fortuitous postwar game between two all-star teams captained by Mickey Vernon and Walter Mitty, he actually succeeded in carrying out this impossible plan: a pregame batting contest was arranged in which he would pitch to both lineups. What follows is his own story of his eternity on the mound, which, expanded to book form, will shortly be published under the title "Out of My League" by Harper & Brothers (\$2.50).

I was thinking something was in the wind. The players were off the field, the reporters and photographers gone, the batting cage wheeled away and the groundskeepers sprucing up the pitcher's mound and the area around home plate. Each team was standing by its dugout. Some of the players seemed puzzled by the change in the pregame schedule. I saw a few fingers pointing, and also little quick gestures of the head in my direction to indicate that it was "that guy over there—the guy with the blue cap," and the eyes looking, and I felt the sweat start to seep in my palms, my fielder's mitt suddenly uncomfortably clammy and hot.

Then, when the distant clock hands on the scoreboard stood at 1:30, one of the promoters walked me out across the foul lines and signaled the American League team to join us by the pitcher's mound. They constituted, in the vernac-

ular, a pretty fair country ball club: Mickey Vernon, Nelson Fox, Billy Martin and Frank Malzone in the infield, and in the outfield Bob Cerv, Mickey Vernon and Harry Kenna. I then Horn and was my catcher. He looked puzzled. I don't believe anyone had had the chance to tell him why he was to put on his catching tools half an hour before the scheduled game.

The promoter checked to see that we were all present. Then he shuffled at some papers on a clipboard. "Well, boys," he started to say...

At this point the recorded music which had been drifting in from center field stopped abruptly, in mid-chorus of *Tea for Two*. A vicarious cough came over the public-address system and we heard as follows:

"Your attention, please. George . . . P . . . P . . . P," then a pause, the announcer apparently working over a name

scribbled on a pad. "Prufrock," he said, and repeated with immeasurable confidence that boomed through the Stadium: "George Prufrock of *Sevensville* will now pitch against the entire National League team, and the entire American League team . . . that team which collects the most hits to be awarded a prize of \$1,000 in *Sevensville*."

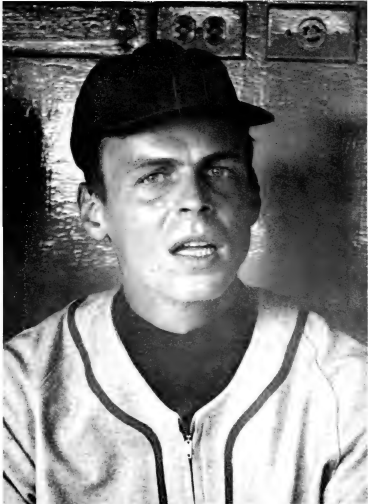
"Well, there you are, boys," said the promoter. They were all looking at me. "That's the idea," he continued. "Four points awarded for the four-bagger, three for the triple, two for the double—you field first through their first eight batters, and then you get your hits."

"You let 'em hit, kid," said Billy Martin. "And right at us, pal—least, on the ground and in big, quick hops."

continued

Start-jawed, astutely exhausted, Pitcher Plimpton sits on the mound after a strike.

Continued on page 112



A few of the players laughed and someone said, "That's right, kid—don't come here to do the work; we're along for the ride," and around the circle they smiled again, trying to impart confidence, and as we stood together, waiting for something to happen to release us, I felt a sudden kinship with them. It was an entirely unexpected emotion, since I was so obviously an outsider, but it came: that warm sense of camaraderie one gets, if briefly, as a team member, or in a platoon, or just sitting around a café with friends never mentioned, but there nonetheless, almost tangible, and very strong before, abruptly, it was dissipated. Someone said, "O.k., let's go," and the handle broke up.

Surrounded by the players, I had felt protected and grateful for my obscurity among them. But when they withdrew and headed for their positions, leaving me standing alone just off the mound, it was like being uncensored: time-sensed the slow invasive gaze of the spectators by their almost 20,000 of them looked and concentrate, and almost physically I felt the weight of it. My hands were slick with sweat. I walked up on the pitcher's mound to find the town bag. There wasn't one there. A new ball was lying just off the pitcher's rubber. I picked it up but I didn't turn for the plate.

I kept looking out at my infielders, trying to recapture the confidence I'd felt fleetingly in their company. They seemed very far away; they were busy scooping up grounders. Valdez was talking to them from first base. When Malone at third wound up and threw the ball, it went past me in a trajectory so flat that the ball never rose above eye level on its way into Verner's glove. And beyond the base paths, the outfielders had reached their positions. They were so far away I didn't feel we were identical with the same prospect. Deep back in the bleachers I could see a man, sitting up there alone, screaming his soul to enjoy the afternoon sun.

I finally faced the plate. Howard was there waiting, his big dust-gray mitt up for the warmup pitches. I threw him a couple. Then I wasn't conscious of the crowd. I had forgotten that a pitcher, whatever his stature, concentrates on

the strike zone to the exclusion of everything else. The crowd becomes a blur in the background. The noise it makes has a crisp quality, a sharp bubble, since everybody is facing you, but it is impossible to distinguish its separate parts. Of course, if you listen for it, you can hear the Stevens vendors: "Wee franks," "Hey, ice-cream hawk," but it isn't like sitting in the stands, where you can hang on to four or five conversations at the same time. Mostly you hear your own voice—chattering away, keeping you company in the loneliness, casting and threatening if things began to go badly, ideas in praise at times, much of everything being said half aloud, the lips moving, because although you know you're being watched no one can hear you and the sound of your voice has a truly steady influence—the one familiar verity in those strange circumstances. I recall the first sentence I spoke to myself was, "O.k., he's your's got to be O.k. Nothin' at all to worry about, nothin', nothin'." And at that moment, like a crack lawyer springing to split, the public-address system announced the arrival at the plate of the National League's lead-off batter, Richie Ashburn.

He stepped into the batter's box wearing the bright easily-red-pinstriped uniform of the Phillies. A left-handed batter, he punches at the ball, slapping it for a multitude of singles. The outfielders deploy for him like soft-ball players. He chooses so far up on the bat that as he waited I could see his fingers flexing two or three inches up on the bat handle. He presented a surprisingly small target—indeed, all the batters seemed smaller than imagined. Half-consciously I had expected them to rear high over the plate, threatening portraits of power—but in fact their physical presence at the plate was not as overpowering as recognizing them: to look in and see under the batter's helmet a face which, jarringly familiar even from the pitcher's mound, I had only associated previously with newspaper and the photographs of the sports sections.

Behind the plate Howard had settled in his crouch, his big mitt up for the target. Concentrating on it, barely aware then of Ashburn, I loosed the rubber with my spikes and with an almost physical

jolt of will I swung into a slow wind-up. Under the pressure of the moment I had expected to exhibit a pitching form as specific as the curve-wheeling fall of a man from a high tree. But conditioned reflexes took over, and I was surprised at the ease with which I got the pitch off.

I was not prepared, however, for what then happened: that, rather than speeding for Howard's crouch's mitt, the ball flung with abandon and propelled by a violent mixture of panic and pent-up anxiety, let loose, headed straight for Ashburn's head. Down he went, flat on his back, the bat flung away, and an explosion of sound—a sharp gasp from the crowd—sailed out of the stands as I hurried off the mound calling out: "No! is! Noos!"

I ran halfway to the plate, Ashburn picked himself up, coughed, collected his bat and looked out at me calmly, his face impermeable. I could think of nothing to say to him. So I shrugged—an inadvertent gesture that under the circumstances could only have indicated to Ashburn, and to Howard, standing peering at me through the bars of his mask, that I had no control whatsoever over my pitches. Then I wheeled for the mound to try again.

I threw three more pitches to Ashburn, finding myself growing in confidence as I pitched. I threw him another ball, then a pitch that he chopped foul. On the next delivery he punched under the ball and lifted a high fly between third and home. Howard threw off his stick with a violence that rolled it almost to the backstop, and with shin guards clattering, went after the ball, got under it and stomped around with his face upturned like a Pate praying for rain until finally the ball came down to be smothered in his big glove.

It took a few seconds, while the ball was being thrown around the infield, before there was any sense of accomplishment—it came haltingly, because, after all, one had expected devastation, not a harmless foul ball gliding in the sun. But finally it did come, and I lurched happily in a tight circle around the pitcher's mound, digging and scraping at the dirt with my spikes, pretending preoccupation. If there had been a resin bag I would have picked it up and fussed with it. What had seemed an insupportable

continued

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place as a surprise exhibit of dirt on which I moved gingerly and awkwardly, suddenly became something of a natural habitat. All around everything was familiar, neat and orderly. But just as I began to admire the unmarked base paths, the bases unoccupied, with the fielders relaxed in their positions, there came a mounting roar from the stands, and a player with an established reputation for creating disorder in the pitcher's domain trotted up out of the National League dugout—San Francisco's Willie Mays.

He gets set quickly at the plate, hopping eagerly into the batter's box, where he nervously jiggles and stamps his feet in the dirt, swiveling on his rear foot to get it solidly placed, staring down at the plate in concentration to sense when his legs feel set; and when they do he reaches out and taps the plate, twice, three times, with the bat before he sweeps it back over his right shoulder and underfoot. Then for the first time he looks out at the pitcher.

Most batters tuck their chins down and glance out at the pitcher from under the brims of their batting helmets—which makes them look properly sinister and threatening. Mays, on the other hand, has a pleasant fag-end-of-a-cigar smile, and he looks out at the pitcher with a full, honest regard, his chin out, his eyes wide as if slightly stupefied. He seems to inspect the pitcher as if he were a harmless but puzzling object recently deposited on the mound by the groundkeeper. Furthermore, when Mays's face is set in determination, his eyebrows arch up so that under the batter's helmet his expression is that of a lingering look of astonishment. But the deception is mild; you see the coiled power of his stance as he waits, and the changes are that you'll turn away to look at something else.

I threw Mays three pitches. The motion felt easy and the first two pitches were low and stable's nice to watch. With the third pitch, though, I was aware that

the ball, almost as it left my hand, was heading accurately for the plate and that Mays, flexing his bat back to increase the purchase of his swing, was going to go for it. As he bat came through into the pitch, I could sense the explosive power generated and I flinched. But from this flurry of power the ball rose straight, a frail ball like Ashburn's. I thought at first, but then I saw it carry-



CRISTIAN HERRERA/RETNA. Following the pitch that we just pitch

ing out over the infield. I had a glimpse of it high above me, small but astonishingly bright in the sunlight, and, remembering that a pitcher leaves the fielding to his infielders, I ran head down toward first to vacate the mound for them.

I misjudged the ball badly. Actually, it came down back of the shortstop's position. Billy Martin was there to catch it, and as I walked back to the mound he threw the ball to Malone, and it began to go from infielder to infielder as that tiny ritual of speeding the ball "around the Horn" which gives the pitcher a moment to peek modestly out from his cap and savor what he's just done, it was fine.

I stood absorbing that October instant so that it would be forever available for recall—now blurred, of course, and fragmentary like the rocky-odorous slabs of the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight you see in the amusement parks, but still sufficient to put me back there on the mound, scene again and feeling the sudden terror of Mays uncoiling his bat and then watching, in surprise, the ball rise clean and harmless, Billy Martin crouching under it, watching it then and removing it from his glove to peer at it as if he'd never seen a baseball before.

I felt coming on a manic grin of achievement which I had to control, knowing that pitchers don't grin after getting a man out, and so I solemnly stomped around the mound, tidying it up, watching with side-long glances the ball whip from infielder to infielder. Finally Nelson Fox, the big orange-crested chain pushing out the side of his face, trotted onto the mound, looking at the ball in his hand, jiggling it, then popping it in the air at me and saying, "Come on, kid, easy-come, easy-go."

That is all of that day that I really would like to remember. Perhaps a bit more: that when I got the ball from Fox it felt familiar to the hand, a weapon suddenly adaptable, an instrument perfectly suited to my design. Of course, I should have known better.

Polishing the ball, the glove slung on the wrist, I turned on the mound and saw Frank Robinson, the great Cincinnati slugger, standing in the batter's box. I knew then that the pitcher's pleasure is a fragmentary thing, that the dugouts, like sausage machines, emit an onetime succession of batters to destiny, an momentary complacency a pitcher may feel during an attention of work.

Regardless, as I looked in at Robinson, with Howard behind him advancing his mask, I thought: Well, why not, I've done pretty well so far—now's the time to unleash my curve ball, the hook. After all, I'd promised myself to throw that last, most famous curve of my career.



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DREAM OF GLORY continued

to see what would happen next. And perhaps if the hook worked, I'd choose the change-of-pace and maybe even the knuckler. Given the opportunity, I knew it would be unforfeitable not to try all the pitches in my repertoire; and so, swallowing hard, nervous again after the heady triumph of retiring the first two batters, I worked my fingers around the seams until I had the ball held properly for the curve. Robinson, the victim, was standing easily in the batter's box. Howard had settled into his position, his glove raised as a target. I didn't see how I could tell Howard a curve was coming up without tipping off Robinson. My catcher would have to fend for himself as best he could, I thought, and I pumped my arm twice and swung into the wind-up.

As I came through the delivery of my curve I failed to snap my wrist sufficiently and my hook got away from me in majestic style—sailing far over both Robinson's and Howard's heads to the wire screen behind home plate. It was such an extraordinary wild pitch that I felt that I had to make some comment; what I'd done was too ungarlanded to pass unnoticed. And so once again I hurried off the mound calling out, "Sorry! Sorry!" Howard and Robinson gazed out at me, both startled, I think, perhaps even awed by the strange trajectory of my pitch. The embarrassment was intense, and it took me a few pitches to steady down after the attempted hook. Finally I threw a pitch Robinson found in his liking. He brought his hands around and the ball soared out between Mantle and Cerr. It dropped some field dropped between them and rolled into the Babe Ruth memorial sea by the dugout. By the time it was back in the infield Robinson was standing on second.

The public-address system announced "Two points for the National League," and Robinson, his job done, trotted in from second base. I didn't have to worry about a man jiggling up and down the base paths. But there was something else bothering me as I watched Ernie Banks, the home run king of the National League, step out of the on-deck circle and head for the plate. Of the six pitches I'd thrown to Robinson only or

two had seemed to me to catch the strike zone. He hadn't gone for them, and there was no impire to contradict his choice. I hadn't arranged for an umpire for the simple reason that I didn't trust my control. I didn't consider, however, the possibility that the batters—and quite properly, since money was at stake—might get tricky about the pitches and wait for one they felt they could get "aholt" of.

I had a grand opportunity to study Banks. Or, rather, Banks was up at the plate for such a long time that for days afterwards a slight and regretted tug at the memory would disclose him clearly in my mind's eye: a right-handed batter, slender, standing very quickly back in the lathest recesses of the batter's box. He had none of the nervous fidgeting of a Mays or a Ted Williams, his hat steady and cocked up vertically behind his right ear, rarely leveled out in a practice swing as he waited with his eyes peering out calmly from beneath the *Cap*® oversized cap. His whole attitude was one of such detachment that I found it unnerving to pitch to him. Once in a while he'd step out of the batter's box and, resting his back against his knees, he'd stretch past and from one palm to the other before settling back in with an attitude of faint disdain, as if in his opinion the pitcher's stature was that of a minor functionary whose sole duty was to serve up a fat pitch.

I threw Banks a total of 23 pitches. There may not have been an umpire to judge their quality, but it was certain that Banks found very few to his liking. Sometimes he would lean over and watch the ball right into Howard's glove; then look up with a small encouraging smile, as if to indicate that it was close—that if the pitch had been a shade nearer the corner of the plate, why, he would have whipped his bat around. Occasionally he would look a pitch off into the stands; and from the first base dugout someone might roll a new ball out to the mound; I'd pick it up, stalk back onto the mound, gaze disdainfully at Banks, congratulate him on the bulk of Howard's catcher's mitt, crank up and let fly.

As I worked away, my control began to waver under the pressure. My seat

of wellbeing, not bothered by Robbins' double, began to determine. I started to talk to myself loudly; the mound, the pitching rubber, previously unfamiliar, quickly became alien ground that I stumbled over and couldn't get the feel of with my spikes; the baseball itself seemed noticeably heavier, the seams awry; the whole process of throwing a ball with accuracy became an abnormally hard task, and as I pitched, Banks seemed to recede into the distance, along with Howard, until the two of them looked like figures viewed through the wrong end of a telescope.

The gravity of my situation with Ernie Banks was compounded by not having anyone I could turn to. Elton Howard, my catcher, cared so little for the business at hand—having a full game to catch later on—that often if my pitches were out of the strike zone, or in the dust, he'd let them slip by without budging for them and bulls would start spitting angrily against the backstop. Naturally there wasn't anyone in either dugout I could complain to—neither teammates nor even a manager. The only encouragement I had was the faint, apologetic smile of Banks himself. A quick, unbartered look around my infield was no help. Their faces were averted. Mickey Vernon was looking solemnly into his first base man's glove; the others were either preoccupied with their shutouts or scratching with their spikes in the dirt of the base paths. In the outfield I caught one awful glimpse of Mickey Mantle—turned toward one of the other outfielders and putting his mouth in an obvious itchy scum into his back pocket.

Finally, on pitch No. 25, Banks lifted a high fly ball out to Mantle in right-center field; when we were within yarning that he didn't see the ball sail out toward him, and standing on the mound I saw he was going to catch it, I heard a big shuddering sigh of relief to think that no longer did I have to look in to see Banks standing there with those red-striped blue socks high on his legs, his small head leaning over the plate, the thin smile. . . . And when he came up after the game and we joked about it I told him that one of the lasting impressions of that afternoon would be the relief I felt watching him trudge back to



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DREAM OF GLORY continued

the dugout, trading his bat along behind him as if it had become heavy during that long stay of his at the plate.

Ernie Banks was followed in the batter's box by Frank Thomas, then playing for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He was the only batter I faced who loomed over the plate. Despite a large, homely, friendly face over which his blue plastic helmet punched like a birthday paper hat, Thomas' nose made him look dangerous; he had an upright batting stance which made him easier to pitch to than Banks, but the bat looked small and limber in his hands, and when he swung and missed one of my first pitches to him I imagined I heard the bat ring in the air like a willow switch. Thomas whacked the seventh pitch I threw him in a long high arc, deep into the upper deck in left field. The ball looped in at the downward end of its trajectory, and above the swelling roar of the crowd I could hear it smack against the slats of an empty seat. The upper deck was deserted, and it was a long time before a scurrying boy, keeping the spectators like a chamois, found the ball and held it aloft, triumphant, the white of it just barely visible at that great distance. The ball was in well over 400 feet, and after the roar that had accompanied its flight had died down you could still hear the crowd buzzing.

My own reaction, as I stood on the mound, was not one of shame, or outrage. Perhaps it should have been, particularly following my difficulties with Banks, but actually my reaction was one of wonderment: the power necessary to propel a ball out of a major league park. I could hardly believe a ball could be hit so far. Every time I return to Yankee Stadium I automatically look up into the section where the ball hit—it was section 34, somewhere; then that I enjoyed a strong feeling of identification with Thomas' feat, as if I were his partner rather than his opposition, and that between us we'd contrived to arrange what had happened. It was as if I'd wheeled to watch the ball climb that long way for the upper deck and called out, "Look, look what I've helped engineer!"

continued



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DREAM OF GLORY

Ged Hodges, the Dodger test baseman, followed Thomas in the batter's box, stepping in, hitching up his baseball pants, reaching out then and rubbing up the fat part of his bat as he set himself, picking again at those putrified if about to wade into a shallow pond. They call him Moon, and I remember how he looked, the rather beefy player's face under the blue helmet, and the blue piping of the Dodger uniform, and I remember the line-drive single he hit, how easy and calculated his swing, and how sharply that hit of his was going out. But mainly I remember something else.

It was while Hodges was at the plate that the inner voice, which had been rumbling inaudibly at first, and calmly, began to get out of control. On the pitcher's mound I was conscious not of the hum of the crowd or even, closer at hand, the encouragement of the infielders. What I remembered was this voice chattering away within my head, offering comfort, encouragement, advice. I was acutely aware of this separation of mind and body, the mind seemed situated in a sort of observation booth high above the physical self, looking down, like a skeptical foreman, and offering a steady commentary.

During the first moments on the pitcher's mound, as Richie Ashburn set himself at the plate, the voice occupied itself with the general urging to "calm down and take it easy," but I felt the hypocrisy nonetheless, the hysteria lurking close at the edge of the voice, like a hyena beyond the freight, and my mouth was very dry.

After the promising success with Richie Ashburn and Willie Mays, their high flies both caught in the midair, the voice became almost uncontrollable with delight. In its pleasure at the machine under observation it roared out to it "How 'g'd, bbb!" and "Boy, you kid!" and also there bounced around within my head such strange, often ridiculous remarks as "toshling it!" and "Geez!" and when the grin tried to spread across my face it was in reaction to this close harness between body and spirit.

But during Burke's tenure the inner voice refused to stay contained within



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my head. The lips began to move, and my mumbled voice, for some reason with a southern inflection which I have never used before or since, became increasingly audible on that lonely hill, moaning and squeaking like the flattery breath of a tickered bound.

"Lookit that thing go out there!" it gaped when Banks had finally departed, and Frank Thomas' long horse run started for the depths of the upper dock. "Lared almighty!"

What caused the voice to crack utterly was a string of seven balls I threw to Gil Hodges before he hit three foals in a row and then his single, none of these first pitches close enough to the plate to get him to so much as twitch the bat off his shoulder. At first the voice offered its usual counsel not to push the ball and to take things easy. Presumably, however, it got exasperated—"Hey, come on now, bear down. Ah say!"—like a short-tempered farmer training a pup to come to heel. Then finally, as the control continued to flug, the panic surged in not by degrees but quickly, like a powder's bulk suddenly filling a doorway, and it came in and throttled the voice so that all that came out was a thin high squeak.

And then this curious thing happened. The voice turned traitor. It went default on me. It escaped and ran off, washing its hands of the whole miserable business. But it didn't desert me completely. Much worse, it capered around out there on the periphery, jeering and catcalling. "You po' fat foal, y'think y'all pretty fat and smart standing out there pitchin', hey? Well, lemme tell yo' sumpin. Y'all can't pitch yo' way out of a paper bag, that's what. Jes' try, Jes' let's see yo' try puttin' the ball ova the plate."

So I would try—and when the ball missed the strike zone under Hodges' watchful eye, the voice would cackle gleefully. "Y'all see that? Oh my! Y'all see that ball roll in the dust? Ladies an' gentlemen, d'y'all observe that ball drop down there in the dirt? How! How! How!" it would roar gaily in my head. "How! How! How!"

My physical disintegration started in

continued



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DREAM OF GLORY

at the same time and it progressed quickly. For 20 minutes I had been burning every pitch in, feeling that if I let up and tried to guide the ball across the plate my control would vanish. Ussoda's body could no pace itself, and by the time Hodges stood in at the plate I was exhausted. I felt the numbness of it seep through my system like a noxious sludge. A sudden awareness of my physical self I fancied I could see the engine straining and laboring: the heart crashing and thundering in the rib cage like an over-worked pump, the lungs billowing in and out as they whirled heavy warm gusts of air up the long shaft of the throat and, below, the stomach churning and armbalancing and wondering why breakfast hadn't been sent down to it that day, or lunch, for that matter, and pined about it. And then this whole oscillating edifice would tip and sway in the delivery of a pitch, the muscles convulsing and squeaking as off the pitch would go, and then as everything came to a shuddering and wheezing pause down would drift that jarring inner voice of mine: "You can't do that! You can't do that! You can't do that!"

When I finally got the ball over and Hodges lined out his hit, I felt like lying down. My interest in the proceedings was vitally affected now by an incoming dizziness, a dizziness with a high ringing sound like the hum of a tiny bug caught deep back in the corridors of the ear. While the ball was being fired in by Mickey Mantle in center, I was bent over, puffing hard, and trying to clear my head of its sounds and mias. I could feel the October sun pressing on my neck. When I looked up, Stan Lopata, the Phillies' catcher, was settling himself in the batter's box. He has a pronounced crouch at the plate as he awaits the pitch, hunched over as if he'd been seized by a sudden stomach cramp. Naturally, his stance diminishes his strike zone considerably, despite the fact that he's a big man, and I looked down at him in dismay.

I threw him 15 pitches. He seemed as permanent a fixture at the plate as a cast-iron garden sculpture. My mouth was ajar with fatigue, and I was swept by the numbing despair that most grip English



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DREAM OF GLORY *continued*

handlers who often have to work the same part of business for two or three hours, often more. Lopez and I were a sturdy pair, joined together by the umbilical cord of my sadness—and also by his propensity for hitting fouls. He hit six of them, looking out like a cobra from his coil, and the ball would flee in big hops down past the watching homes or fall into the stands.

At this point I saw Howard, my long-suffering catcher, took a sudden, almost proprietary interest in the proceedings. I think that crouching there in the dirt behind home plate he'd occupied on his fingers and realized that if we could get Lopez out, there was only one more batter to go. Previously, his reluctance to enter the spirit of things was such that he could barely persuade himself to lift his glove for a throw. Now he began to rise from his crouch after every pitch and tug the ball back with increasing speed—swearing it back, trying to snap me out of my sadness. He threw the ball with an urgency that nudged my control, harder than I was pitching it to him, and finally at such velocity into my weakly padded glove that I suffered a deep bone bruise which disoriented my left hand for over a week. "Come on, kid, lay it in," I heard him call out once, making a fist of his right hand and pumping it at me, as if by sheer determination he could will my pitches into the strike zone. But the pitch always seemed to fall off, throwing us an inch, or perhaps a foot, a mean escapee as it did, and then I had to face the agony of Howard's return slapping hard enough in the glove to force a sharp intake of breath.

Suddenly the inner voice burst loudly upon my senses. It had been saying nothing of importance—just the usual rallery, still calling me a "fat fool" and an "aggressive rat," but from a distance, hardly threatening at times from the high whine of distance-kissed worry. Now when my hand drifted up and touched my brow, finding it as wet and cold as the belly of a trout. It was a disclosure which sent the voice spinning off in a Cracker-Cassandra's wail of doom. "Mah God!" it roared out. "Y'all gonna

continued



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DREAM OF GLORY *(continued)*

Let-out ball! Low! Akinbisi! 'A! 'gonna free!"

I'd just caught the ball from Howard, pinning as it whacked into the glove, and as I felt the lurch of nausea and that piercing disclosure echo in the brain I dropped the ball. My fingers began bumping gently against each other in a disembodied fashion, suggesting that they too had joined the voice in revolt. I stared at the fingers, fascinated. When I bent for the ball, the head cleared slightly, and the fingers came back under control. But I knew then that it was only a matter of time, and not too much of it, before that pre-symptom would be poised again. I tried to persuade myself that you don't collapse out on the pitcher's mound in front of 30,000 people. But I knew, and stood there in that momentary calm of self-suppression, that the energy was draining from my blue meal from a punctured backpack, and that presently I would stumble and go down.

Of course I could have walked off the field, that calling off the whole thing, not stopping—seemed too complicated. What would happen then? There was no one to hand the job. The American League couldn't run. What would Nicky's Mommy say? How would the 30,000 be divided? Anything seemed infinitely more complicated than staying. So I became absolutely resigned to continuing, even if it meant falling in a heap, as limp and pale as the mound, as a morose town hero.

There remained one small hope. If I could last through Lopata and Bill Mazeroski of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the last batter in the National League lineup, I might get a chance while the teams changed sides to get a hit in the end of the dugout, to put a wet towel around the back of the neck and perhaps send a second wind to get through Low and Mante and Kieren and the others on the American League batting order. It was a foolish hope, and not one to look forward to with eagerness.

As soon as I started throwing in Lopata again, the weight of the previous 20 minutes of hard throwing—by then I'd thrown a few pitches short of 70—pressed down hard like a stifling tropic heat. The field seemed as limitless under

(continued)

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DREAM OF GLORY

that blazing sun as a desert, spreading out forever on all sides, unreal, and the players stiff and distant as obelisks in a tropical landscape. The wine in my ears increased, the *maracas* pulsating, the knees rubbery, so shaky that the desert's frivoli was mouthful, and the ground itself began to undulate softly and thickly, like a bog, and there were times when the moment became violent and the pitcher's mound hunched up under me so that I felt on its summit, on the cone of a vast anthill whose slopes beat with that insect life. At times its physical aspect would be inverted, and I would find myself at the bottom of a murky hollow, the air heavy and cloying, and I would twist and convolute and hurl a baseball as heavy and malleable as a ripe mango, throwing it toward Lopata, perched on that distant rim as implacable in the distance as a squaring Sphinx.

I don't remember Lopata grounding out, but he did, finally, hitting a big,

keeping ground ball toward the short-stop position, where I was cold afterward. Billy Martin first gave a little startled jump as if in surprise to hear the whack of the ball being hit, then moved for it on legs that were described as "stiff from disease" (after all, he'd been standing in his position for some time), and promptly fumbled it. I don't remember that at all.

I don't remember Bill Mazeroski either. I only know I pitched to him that afternoon—about four pitches. But when I look at his photographs in the sports magazines I feel no association, no sense of recognition.

The first definable face that emerged from the thick mist that descended on me when Mazeroski came to the plate was that of Ralph Houk—the tough, confident, chain-chewing Yankee coach who is now Casey Stengel's successor as the Yankee manager. I was first aware of him when I sensed a movement on the first-base foul line and turned to see him

coming toward me. He glowered at him. Whatever his reputation, as he came out over the base line I looked upon him as an intruder. He came on in a slow, nonchalant amble, looking off into the outfield, then down in front of his feet, never at me, and there was no apparent purpose in mind—just a man strolling across the infield—and then he came within the din circumference of the pitcher's mound, clomping still-legged up toward me, and he put his hand out for the ball.

"Needle bitch!" he said.

"What?" I cried.

"Need a little help, hey?"

I stared furiously at him.

"Kid, you look a little tired out," he said patiently. "Don't you want some help?" He kept his hand out for the ball.

"No, no, no," I said. My voice came out in a squeak. "Gotta finish. I came pitch just a lit more." But Houk didn't turn for the dagger; he smiled, very broadly this time, and kept his hand out.

Finally I took a step forward, dropped

—JAMES L. HAMIL



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DREAM OF GLORY *continued*

the ball in his hand and stumbled off the mound.

I walked slowly toward the first-base dugout. Most of the players in the dugout were standing up, watching me come in, and many of them were grinning. And as I reached the base line, Ralph Houk behind me threw a single pitch to Marvinski, which, in a sort of final irony, he hit high and lazy to Bob Cerv in left field. Since my back was to the dugout, I didn't see the ball caught, but when it was, the players in the field ran for the dugout, streaming by me without a word and clambering down the steps, most of them headed for the water cooler. I was bewildered by that rush of movement past me; I didn't know what was going on until Billy Martin fell into slow step beside me. "Man," he said, smiling broadly. "It's O.K. It's over!" and I said weakly, "Sure," and went with him into the dugout, where I turned and sagged down on the bench.

Whitney Ford, the Yankee pitcher, came over and sat down.

"Know something?" he said. "We've been making back here in the dugout as to when you'd feel over."

"No kidding," I said weakly.

"Yup. He was sure sweating out there, wasn't he, Billy?" He leaned across and grinned at Martin. "Taking out of him like it was sawdust."

"Sawdust? That was blood, man. First time," said Martin. "I ever thought I'd be running in for a mound conference to find out what was going on was a tunnel sense!" and he and Ford leaned off the bench and bellowed with laughter that turned heads down the length of the dugout. They wanted to know what Martin had said, and so he said it again, and then down the line they were all laughing and grinning. They called up the questions: "Hey, kid, what'd you think of it, hey? How'd it go like it was there? Pretty rough, huh? Not too much trouble, huh?" but you could tell they were pleased their profession had treated me as rough as it had.

"Really surpin'?" I said.

"What'd it be so?" someone called out.

"Really surpin' out there," I repeated and sat off the bench and headed for the showers.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBATTER—THE 1968 National Job Derby, which began today, is the first time since 1954 that the American Baseball Federation has been held in the United States. The event is being held in the United States because of the fact that the American Baseball Federation has been held in the United States since 1954.

BASEBALL—The American Baseball Federation has been held in the United States since 1954. The event is being held in the United States because of the fact that the American Baseball Federation has been held in the United States since 1954. The event is being held in the United States because of the fact that the American Baseball Federation has been held in the United States since 1954.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS									
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71	78	81	88	91	95	101	108	111	118
121	128	131	138	141	145	151	158	161	168
171	178	181	188	191	195	201	208	211	218
221	228	231	238	241	245	251	258	261	268
271	278	281	288	291	295	301	308	311	318
321	328	331	338	341	345	351	358	361	368
371	378	381	388	391	395	401	408	411	418
421	428	431	438	441	445	451	458	461	468
471	478	481	488	491	495	501	508	511	518
521	528	531	538	541	545	551	558	561	568
571	578	581	588	591	595	601	608	611	618
621	628	631	638	641	645	651	658	661	668
671	678	681	688	691	695	701	708	711	718
721	728	731	738	741	745	751	758	761	768
771	778	781	788	791	795	801	808	811	818
821	828	831	838	841	845	851	858	861	868
871	878	881	888	891	895	901	908	911	918
921	928	931	938	941	945	951	958	961	968
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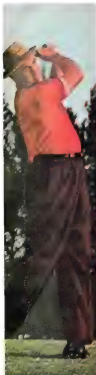


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Anyone Too Young for Tennis?

Hardly, says net star Welby Van Horn, who is raising champions in Puerto Rico—from 8 on up

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Watching tennis on the courts of Puerto Rico's Caribe Hilton Swimming and Tennis Club these days often gives you the feeling you are looking through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars. The fierce competition before you is generally taking place between pre-teen youngsters barely scarcely taller than the rackets they wield, yet in pose, precision and form are miniature copies of polished adult champions. The reason is that a former champion named Welby Van Horn believes that the ideal age to learn tennis is 8. "The game is so difficult," he says, "that other interests may interfere if you wait until 11 or 12."

After taking a job in Puerto Rico as a teaching pro nine years ago in an effort to ease the chronic asthma that had hampered his own competitive career, Van Horn found a clubful of youngsters eager to learn their lessons early. The discovery gave his own tennis career a new boost. "I am in the third phase of that career now, and it's the one I like best," he says. The first phase, as an amateur, reached its zenith in 1979 when Van Horn played in the final of the National Men's Singles Championships at Forest Hills, losing to Bobbie Riggs, and being ranked No. 4 nationally. During the second phase, as a playing professional in the 1980s, he won both the National Pro Singles Championship and the National Pro Doubles Championship—with Frank Kurczyk. At one time or another he played

continues

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Too Young *continued*

all the greats of his era, developing, in the words of the authoritative *World Tennis* magazine, "the lovely strokes which characterized him as one of the finest stylists of the game."

Never before, however, had Van Horn shown such dedication to the game of tennis as he does now. Tall, lean, hawk-nosed, crew-cut and deeply tanned, he stands hour after hour on the Caribe court alongside a supermarket pushcart filled with balls, patiently feeding them across the net to his young protégés, correcting their every stroke, insisting each be finished as perfectly as it is begun. Van Horn is a fanatic on balance, as an essential to position and footwork, as part of sound fore- and backhand strokes. He starts his students on baseline play: "All the delicate shots—lobs, volleys, half volleys, drop shots—can be mastered easily at a later stage if the basic ground strokes have become natural," he says. By 11 the youngster has become more devoted and is improving in many departments, but Van Horn still holds him to the baseline and emphasizes a defensive style, based on consistency.

"My greatest problem is to explain the pitfalls of the 'big game' to kids," says Van Horn. "Most youngsters become victimized by watching the practitioners of power tennis as played by Gonzales, Hoad, Gimeno and the others. Youngsters see only the end results and don't appreciate the years of training that make the great players defensive giants as well. Above all, I try to instill mental discipline by overcoming the almost irresistible urge to hit a tennis ball too hard. It is essential to refrain from this temptation, to remember always that you 'stroke' a ball over the net—not hit, push, block, smash or drive it. When you 'stroke' you are swinging with thought and applying a sense of feel coming from the finger tips. And you can evaluate each stroke by the feel and the sound. There is more of a similarity between a tennis racket and a stringed musical instrument than just the strings. Anyone can improve his game by listening to the ball as well as watching it."

"It takes five years to make a champion," says Van Horn, and by carefully instilling these basic truths in his youngsters, Van Horn produced an impressive

lot of young champions during his first five years on the island. In 1956 Charles (Charlie) Pasarell Jr., playing in Miami's Orange Bowl Championships, reached the singles finals for boys of 17 years and under and, teamed with Jorge De Jesus, became a finalist in the doubles. Next year the two even both were, and this time two girls, Cindy Gilbert and Marita Torres, were runners-up in singles and doubles in teenage groups.

Since then Puerto Ricans have captured a total of 42 state, district and



CHILD & PLAY champion of Wimbledon, Torres, doubles champion, with Jorge De Jesus, Torres.

sectional Stateside Junior tournaments, including three U.S. national boys' titles, and have been awarded 21 national rankings by the U.M.T.A. In 1960 five of Van Hout's boys were listed among the first 24 in the Official Tennis Yearbook's age group of 15 years and under among national rankings then attained by any other section, including Florida and California. In 1961 play the Puerto Rican medals in 1959 clinched Venezuela by 13 matches to 1, and the following year women a Florida team 9 to 3.

Still others are coming along fast under the San Juan palm. Stanley Pasarell, 12-year-old brother of Charlie, teamed with Alberto Carrero to win the 13-years-and-under boys' doubles in the recent Orange Bowl tournament. They will still be eligible in the same division in '61.

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Too Young

In the opinion of Van Horn, Stanley shows a development almost equal to his brother's at the same age. "Tico" Carrero seems to exhibit even more promise. "He has the best stroke production of any kid I've ever fought," says the coach flatly. And there is 11-year-old Ramon Almonte, known as Cholo, and his doubles partner, Antonio Ortiz. Last year they made the finals of the U.S. & National Championships for players 11 years old and under. Looking smaller than bull boys at many clubs, these youngsters and perhaps a dozen others who have not yet achieved recognition in Statewide tournaments play with the aplomb of masters, driving flat shots effortlessly from the baseline by the hour, wings perfectly grooved. All it takes is time to ripen in the year-round sunshine and more competitive experience.

More courts needed

What makes the record even more impressive is that the whole program has been achieved on the four courts of the Caribe Club, compared with the hundreds of courts and great variety of competition existing in the big tennis centers. Court availability is so limited, in fact, that new groups of 8-year-olds can begin only every three years, when the 11-years-and-older groups are away playing tournaments. Thus many youngsters never realize their potential—a situation that may be rectified since the Puerto Rican government is now planning to build municipal courts.

Regardless, the prodigies of Welts Van Horn will remain the products of careful craftsmanship rather than a production-line schooling system. And the dedication of Welts Van Horn's dramatic charges is as great as their master's. As soon as they are out of school, they streak for the club. In the open patio they do homework, munch hamburgers, now Yo-yo and play tennis against each other, against unwary adult visitors, against backstops, against a captive ball held to a sandbag by an elastic string.

Meanwhile, a new crop of 8-year-olds is being seeded, beginning to stroke tossed balls on the far court. They look very small, and a visitor is likely to remember that Puerto Rico is a small island, too.

END



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LAST WORD

Sinc:

"Phil Coleman? Who is he?" This is the instant I needed when I mentioned to a couple of sportswriters here in London that *Idea of an Amateur* (March 6) was being published as a reply to my story on *My Telephone Play to an Amateur Sportsman* (Jan. 26).

Perhaps this will explain why Phil was widely offered money in excess of expenses for running. Phil is a good athlete, and without dedicated runners like him the sport would gradually die, but not every athlete reaches the level where he is the pawn that is sold to the public to induce them to pay to watch him perform.

Now that I am amateur again much of the joy that I lost under the archaic rules of international competition has returned for me, and I continue to train and to run purely for enjoyment. But I consider my former attitude to be realistic.



AMATEUR MIKE, AMATEUR PHIL

In that I recognized the opportunities, and made avail of them as best I could.

There was a time when only the well-to-do could afford to spend much time in the pursuit of sport. Meetings were conducted more in a garden-party atmosphere than in the well-organized, highly publicized way they are today.

The concept of amateurism has been carried over to the present day, by administrators who are years behind the times, with little or no change.

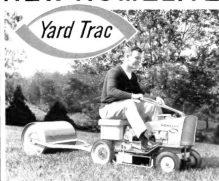
Amateurism begins to fly out of the window the moment the sport acquires a single paid spectator. The public do not come to watch a group of amateurs, but to be entertained by good performances. To most spectators it makes little difference if a performer is amateur or professional as long as he is good.

Phil Coleman himself admits that he would not be greatly averse to accepting higher official payments to athletes, even if he is not interested in such himself. The only question now is how the payment will be made.

MIKE ARONSON

London

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The notebook shown here jutting out of Equestrienne Jobie Arnold's riding breeches is as important to her as her saddle or stirrups. As the only professional horse race handicapper of her sex in the country, Jobie uses it to jot down likely winners for *The Miami Herald* and *The Lexington* (Ky.) *Herald*. At last report, Jobie, handicapping for *The Miami Herald* during the Florida season, was leading 15

Miami handicappers at Gulfstream.

Jobie came by her talent naturally. She spent her childhood on a Kentucky horse farm owned by her family (she even took four horses with her when she went to the University of Kentucky), and until recently she herself bred hunters and jumpers on her own farm in Florida. Moreover, unlike most handicappers, she not only picks horses, she rides them as well.



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